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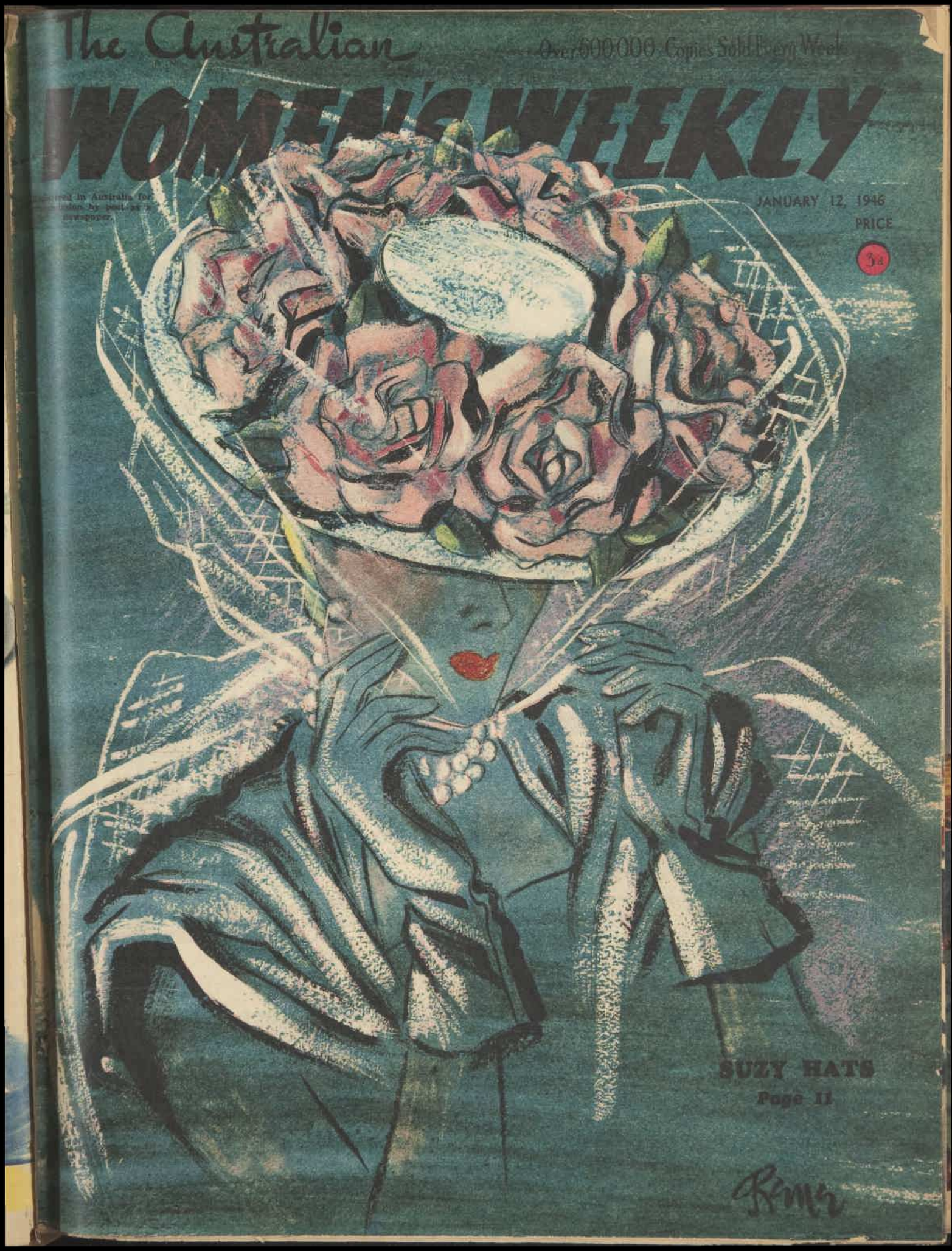

SUZY HATS
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# GIRL WITHOUT GLAMOR

By
## VIRGINIA PERDUE

8 JAN 1946

PETER'S twenty - eighth birthday was a memorable occasion. The Government agreed to subsidise his work on a new type of aeroplane engine, and his grandmother, Mrs. Strickland put her foot down.

She chose an awkward moment. Peter was galloping through his lunch. He had to get back to the shop for a conference with Bill Street, his general manager. For weeks he'd been trying to find a competent assistant, and to-day that fellow Benton was coming for an interview. He waved aside the pudding. "No, thanks. I haven't got time for dessert."

"Dear, I'm sorry, but you'll have to see your grandmother. She asked for you most particularly," his mother said.

Peter almost forgot himself and swore, in spite of the refined presence of his Aunt Kate, yet it didn't occur to him to ignore the summons. Grandmother Strickland was old and frail, but she was strong-minded, too. When she sent for you, you went.

Her wheel-chair was drawn up beside a sunny window. She looked delicate, but there was nothing fragile about her greeting. "I won't stand for any more nonsense," she said imperiously. "Take my tray, and see you don't drop it."

He removed the luncheon tray with care.

"Bring me my knitting and sit down. We are going to have this out now."

Peter said, "Listen, Grandma. Can't it wait till to-night?"

"Sit down," said Grandmother Strickland. She opened her knitting bag and took out a lump of navy-blue wool bristling with needles. "I've waited seven years, but I don't propose to wait any longer. I'm eighty-four. Nobody lives forever. Before I die, I want to be sure that the family will go on."

"Well—uh—I know how you feel, Grandma, only I've been so busy——"

"I want great - grandchildren," she told him grimly. "If you're too busy to marry, something will have to be done about it."

Peter twisted his long legs round each other. He'd heard it all so many times.

It was *not his mother's* fault that he failed to discover Miss Right. She worked hard, keeping the house full of attractive and suitable young girls who reeked with charm. Dutifully he took them to dances and stepped on their feet. He escorted them to parties and spilled coffee on their best frocks. If these mishaps were not entirely accidental, no one suspected it, least of all Peter himself. Anyhow, they had helped to keep him single through seven years of constant pressure.

Grandmother Strickland did a row of stitches, counting out loud, then went on: "Do you know the terms of your grandfather's will?"

"Huh?" Peter, who had been trying to look at his watch without seeming to, glanced up startled.

"Everything was left to me and your father jointly. Now that he's dead, it all belongs to me. Do you understand?"

Peter just stared at her.

"I've let you do as you like at the plant. I was even fool enough to be pleased that you wanted to follow in your grandfather's footsteps. Peter II wasn't so interested. We had to use a good deal of persuasion. I admit you've done well, Peter. Mr. Street tells me your little engine is quite clever."

Her tone drew blood. Peter was very proud of his cheap, efficient motor. Without it, Strickland Metal Products might not have survived the hard war years.

He thrust out his arm and looked at his watch without any pretence at all. He hoped M. L. Benton would wait. "Look here, Grandma——"

"What's the use of building up the business when there isn't any Peter IV to leave it to?"

Peter III was stung into indiscretion. "Plenty of use. We're developing some important stuff. Why should I care who gets the place after I'm dead?"

"I care." She turned her bleak old eyes and looked out the window toward the plumed chimneys of *Strickland Metal Products*. "I care a lot. For years I skimped and did without things so Pete would have enough money to start his shop. All the fun I might have had, all the parties and nice clothes, it all went into the business."

She looked at Peter gropingly, as if it were an effort to bring her eyes back from yesterday. "That business," she said, "isn't going out of the family. Since your work prevents you from marrying, I guess I'll have to fire you."

For an instant Peter failed to take it in. Then he jumped to his feet. "You can't do that!"

"Yes, I can. I own the place. Go and ask the lawyers, if you don't believe me."

"But, Grandma, listen! The motor—I can't stop work. I—listen here——"

"You're fired," said Grandmother Strickland, "starting now."

She meant it. He could see that. "Grandma, wait a minute." He had to do something, and do it fast.

"Look. I—uh—I'm in love with somebody, if that's worrying you. As a matter of fact, I—I'd like to marry her, only——"

"Only what?"

"Well, mother's set her heart on a particular kind of girl, and this one, well——"

"Is she healthy?"

"I guess so. Yes."

"Intelligent?"

"Yes."

"Then what's stopping you?"

Peter thrust distracted fingers through his hair. "You know how mother is."

"I'll attend to your mother. What's this girl's name?"

"Why — uh ——" He groped through the storehouse of his mind. "Why—she's called Maisie."

"Is that all?"

"Of course not." Frantically he pawed over all the surnames he'd ever heard. "Her name's—Benton."

He wiped the damp palms of his hands on his trouser legs. "Came here to get a job."

"I see. Bring her out for the week-end. And I might reconsider about firing you." Grandmother Strickland lay back in her chair and closed her eyes. "You'd better go. I'm feeling tired. Call that lazy nurse, and please try to shut the door without banging it."

Peter drove down the hill and into the town. He spent a miserable hour with the family lawyer. It was mid-afternoon before he reached the works.

"What happened to you?" said Bill Street.

"Oh, something came up." Peter walked past the long assembly room, past the loading sheds, and into a small brick building with "Research Lab." in gilt letters over the door. His secretary sprang up with a handful of letters, but Peter said, "Not now, Jim." He went into his private office and slammed the door.

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*"Whether you marry or not is your own business," she declared.*

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Pamela Patience... that's sound advice

"Well, I do know what the Horrockses name stands for" said Pamela Patience. "I always choose Horrockses fabrics myself. So when the salesman showed Michael John pyjamas of Horrockses Flannelette, of course I advised him to get them. And like all Horrockses fabrics it is colour-fast and will wear and wear. It pays you to get Horrockses."

Horrockses REGD.

THE GREATEST NAME IN COTTON

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MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

# Girl Without Glamor

Continued from page 3

JIM tapped at the door and entered. He had a curious look on his face. "Mr. Strickland," he said in a low voice, "Miss Benton is here to see you."

"All right, show him—— What?"

Jim glanced uneasily over his shoulder at the closed door. "I know. Nobody could have gathered from the letters that M. L. Benton was a woman. I'm afraid you'll have to see her. We practically promised her the job, if she'd come down for an interview."

"Well," said Peter. "Send her in." Benton, he thought. Miss M. Benton. The name seemed to explode in his mind, stunning him.

She was a very businesslike young lady. She looked capable.

She sat down and faced him squarely across the desk. "You're surprised, of course," she said, "and disappointed. Perhaps you think I should have revealed my unfortunate secret. Well, I don't think so. Experience has taught me that's the way to miss a job."

"Well—uh—round machinery you don't expect a girl to be—uh——"

"Interested? Efficient? Why not? I don't know why men think women are only good for dishwashing and office work. We have different talents, just as you do. I want this job, Mr. Strickland. I'm qualified for it. Don't you think it would be only fair to consider me on my merits?"

"Yes," said Peter. "I suppose it would. But—well—I'm shy with women. Though I must say you seem different——"

Two perfectly incongruous dimples appeared at the corners of her mouth. "I know," she said. "What really gets you down is glamor. I haven't a particle of glamor. So we ought to get along beautifully."

So they might, thought Peter. He began to feel excited. Of course a man would have been better, but in these days you were lucky to get anyone who was competent. "About the salary——" He stopped. He'd forgotten Grandmother Strickland's ultimatum. Quite likely he wouldn't have the power to pay a salary, or have any salary himself, to say nothing of a job for M. Benton.

He looked at her with narrowed eyes. "What's your full name again?"

"Mary Louise Benton. Bad, isn't it?"

"Did—anyone ever call you Maisie?"

A frown drew taut between her level brows. "I'm sure you aren't insane, so you must have something in mind. Why not come right out with it?"

He took a long breath. "I've got to have a fiancee," he told her, "or else." He described the interview with his grandmother. "You see how it is? She's bent on having great-grandchildren. I'd be glad to give you the job, but unless you help me, there won't be any job to give."

Miss Benton frowned. "I don't know. Rather a dirty trick, isn't it?"

Peter said quickly, "My work's rather important. I don't claim this aeroplane engine is miraculous, but it will certainly be a big improvement. I don't see why I should drop it, just for an old lady's whim."

"Oh. Well. But d'you think it'll work? Your grandmother doesn't sound like a person who would be satisfied with a mere engagement."

He looked down at his hands. "Now, don't get mad, please. You see, they want a certain kind of girl, awfully refined and so forth. If you play your part well, they'll make me break the engagement. Then it won't be my fault if I'm not married."

"I see." She tugged at her ear. "All right, I'll do it. After all, whether you marry or not is your own business. You can't let the family push you round."

Peter had taken out his cheque book and picked up a pen.

He said, rather diffidently, "I don't suppose you came prepared to spend the week-end? You'll need a toothbrush and things. Here's your first month's salary, and this is for expenses." He pushed the cheques across his desk. "Come back here when you've done your shopping. I'll phone mother so she'll be expecting you."

His mother must have been watching for them out of the window. She came running down the front steps even before the car rolled to a stop. She looked charming. Happiness glowed from her eyes. Literally with open arms she welcomed Miss Benton, who drew back and thrust out a businesslike hand.

"How do you do, Mrs. Strickland. Sorry, but I don't believe in indiscriminate kissing. Too unsanitary." She turned critical eyes upon the old-fashioned screen porch. "Is this your house, Peter? What a monstrosity!"

He felt a thrill of pride in his mother. Her smile never faltered. "Yes, isn't it?" she agreed "Peter's grandfather built it in the late '90's, the worst possible period. However, it's comfortable. You'll find us quite civilised indoors."

In the big front room, Aunt Kate rose and came to meet them. Grandmother Strickland, in her wheel-chair by the fire, looked up from her knitting with a stately smile.

"We're pleased to welcome you to your new home, dear," she said, with unusual formality.

Peter wanted to run away and hide. He felt as if he had tossed a live cobra in among helpless domestic fowl.

"Don't go too fast," Miss Benton said. "I haven't promised anything. Peter insisted that I come and look you over, but I'm not sure I want to marry into a capitalist family." She threw her hat down on the sofa. "You may as well know at once that I'm a very advanced thinker."

Grandmother Strickland chuckled. "So was Peter's father at your age. His grandfather had some notions, too—some very advanced ones."

For a moment Miss Benton looked dashed. Then she took a breath and plunged into a veritable tirade of advanced notions, demolishing all the institutions that she knew they must hold most dearly.

SHE raved artistically up and down the room. Her hairpins loosened, a curl escaped here and there. Her eyes glistened, and so did her nose.

Celia came to the door, dressed in her starchiest uniform. She waited, goggle-eyed, until Miss Benton finished a sentence. "Excuse me, Mrs. Strickland, but dinner is served."

Peter trundled his grandmother's wheelchair down the hall and into the dining-room. She looked quite austere, but at least she didn't put her disapproval into words. He wondered how long this determined politeness could last.

Maisie was quiet during the fruit cup. She came to life with the roast beef.

"Prime ribs!" she cried, staring at the marvel. "Is that blackmarket beef? Don't serve me any, Peter."

Aunt Kate twittered. "My dear, how can you! We wouldn't dream of patronising blackmarkets."

"Well, anyway, I'm a vegetarian," Maisie declared, though she couldn't keep a famished look out of her eyes when Peter began to cut pink juicy slices from the roast. He wanted to tell her to forget the whole crazy stunt, but, of course, he couldn't.

Poor Maisie clung to her role. "If people had to kill their own meat, nobody would eat flesh food."

"I expect not, dear. Celia, Miss Benton doesn't care for the roast beef. Ask Hattie to cook some eggs."

"Never mind. Anything at all," said Maisie. Desperately, she went on playing her part all through the dessert.

Peter's mother glanced at her watch. "I'm afraid we'll have to hurry and change. I suppose you know it's Peter's birthday, dear? A few friends are coming over to help him celebrate. Did you happen to bring a long dress? The local girls like to wear their pretty frocks whenever they have the excuse."

"I don't believe in that sort of foolishness," said Maisie, though she looked stricken. "But I'll put on a fresh blouse, if you like."

Watching her, Peter understood that loyalty and self-sacrifice could go no further. A suit skirt and a clean blouse when the other girls would be in their party dresses! He bathed and shaved and put on a dark blue business suit. Fortunately the local men didn't share their womenfolk's passion for dressing up. He went down the hall and knocked at Miss Benton's door.

"Who is it?"

"Peter. Can I come in?"

"Don't be silly."

"Well, I know, but we're engaged."

"No, we're not." Her voice sounded blurred, weary.

"Yes, we are. Well, listen. Won't you at least open the door?"

He heard a rustle, a swish. Her voice was closer, right on the other side of the oak panel. "Peter, I can't go on with it. I'm sorry to let you down, but they're such perfect darlings!"

"So are you," he said to the closed door. "You're the grandest person I've ever known." He cleared his throat wretchedly. "Look here. I realise this is no time—I mean, it must seem pretty abrupt and all that, but couldn't we—I mean, if we were really engaged——"

She said, "What is this, an attack of conscience? I'm feeling ashamed of myself, too, but you can't wipe out a lie by telling more lies."

"It wouldn't be a lie. Please listen to me. I've had the funniest feeling ever since we got back to the house, as if you belongd here. I can't explain it, but—maybe that's why I held out for so long. I was waiting for somebody like you."

"Oh, Peter, that's absurd. You haven't any idea what I'm like."

"Yes, I have. You're just like me."

"That's funny," she said. "I was thinking exactly the same thing!"

Peter took a deep breath.

"Listen, Mary," he said, "I can't make love to you through this door."

"You can't make love to me at all." Her voice sounded dim, lost. "I've been packing my things. I can't possibly stay here now."

"Yes, you can. Listen here——"

"Oh, Peter," she cried, "don't you realise we've cooked my goose? They must think I'm perfectly awful. You'll have to let me go. They'll never stand for me. You'd lose your job. Your grandmother would cut you off with a penny."

That was probably true, thought Peter. He said, "What of it? We won't starve."

"But your work!! The new motor——"

"Strickland's isn't the only place that builds engines. You throw on your clothes and come down, Mary. I'm going to have it out with them."

He went downstairs. He knew what they'd say, but he could take it. He walked into the living-room with shoulders back, chin held high.

"All right," he said, "let's get it over. But you might as well know straight off, that——"

"Oh, Peter!" his mother cried. "Darling, she's wonderful!"

"So stimulating," said Aunt Kate.

"I like her," said Grandmother Strickland. "She's got courage and spirit. Stood right up to me!"

Peter looked at her in amazement. She meant it. He couldn't be quite certain about the others, but grandma never compromised with the truth.

A musical chime announced the arrival of the first guests.

"Peter darling." His mother laid a pleading hand on his arm. "May we announce it this evening?"

"Well—uh—I——" he stammered. "I'll go and ask her." He bounded up the stairs. This time he didn't knock, just opened the door and walked in.

Her bags were packed; her coat lay ready across a chair. She stood in front of the mirror, running a comb though her hair, which hung loose, waving to her shoulders. She had changed the severe tailored blouse for a frilly one with ruffles at the neck and down the front. She was perfectly charming, yet somehow Peter didn't mind. He put his arms round Mary Benton and kissed her, quite as enthusiastically as if she didn't have a scrap of glamor.

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# THE SHY SERGEANT

## By PAUL ERNST

As the sergeant walked toward the ballroom of the big New York hotel his grin faded slightly and his steps slowed. Cinny Ross was at this afternoon party, he'd been told. A party of airmen were dancing with girls civilians seldom saw in person, and their queen was Cinny Ross.

The sergeant recalled the last time he'd seen Cinny, on a screen at Saipan, with the rain turning on and off like faucets. Huddled under a trench coat, he had watched the tall, lithe girl walk exquisitely through something called "Plantation Serenade." That was ten days before the bomber was sliced in two, before he'd got the wrist-sized groove where a floating rib had been.

At the ballroom door was a woman with iron-grey hair and stern pince-nez. The sergeant turned his shy, irregular grin on her, and she smiled slightly in response, so he went on in, not noticing that she was about to say something regretful but firm. She stepped after him, then stopped with her hands spread in indecision, but he didn't see that either.

The ballroom was packed with uniforms and with girls such as you seldom see gathered in one spot. The sergeant gazed with somewhat flustered approval at a girl with violet eyes and red hair like a flag, and at a brunette with a face like a magnolia petal against the dark gloss of her long bob. Then he saw that here, for once, the officers were getting their innings. There were no other humble non-coms. in the room; there were only captains, lieutenants, colonels. This was not for him.

The sergeant had turned back toward the door when a girl in an afternoon frock of some silvery-bluish stuff left the captain she was with and walked toward him. She was taller than he'd thought, and her hair was darker than the Saipan screen had shown.

He grinned and said, "Hello, Miss Ross. How are you?"

"I'm fine." Her amber eyes went to the sergeant's Air Force insignia. "You crashed that gate nicely."

"I—I see I did," the sergeant said. "Sorry. I'll run off——"

Cinny Ross smiled. "You're in here now. A dance won't hurt. If you'd care to?"

"Would I care to!" The sergeant jerked toward her, then recovered a fragment of decorum. "My name is Texter Temple," he said, as the music rolled and their feet began to move. He danced like breathing, smoothly, automatically.

"Tex, to people that know you, sergeant?" said Cinny Ross.

"That's right. The sergeant part, though. There's an ex- in front of that. Medical discharge."

He drew some stares as he danced with the afternoon's queen, and red touched his neck and ears. The sergeant was a shy man. But he was certainly enjoying this dance nevertheless.

Cinny, it seemed, was too. "You dance well, Sergeant Temple," she said slowly. And this was something. For she was Cinny Ross, an actress now, and good at it, but a dancer when she started. She had been professional. If she said you were good, you were good.

The orchestra was playing a waltz to which the various officers were doing various things, sometimes to the consternation of their lovely partners. A lieutenant - colonel started toward where Tex and Cinny glided like a well-oiled racing machine. He probably just meant to cut in, but Tex Temple could not be sure of that. He loosed his diffident grin at Cinny, and at the same time loosed his feet.

They sailed. They soared. They flew. No man, even a lieutenant-colonel, could have put a finger on them. It was proper ballroom, but the kind that takes space; and the sergeant and the blond girl performed miracles of threading among other couples till a few of these began to draw aside and mark time while they watched. At this, Tex glanced uneasily round and steered Cinny to a secluded bay near a window.

"You dance very well, sergeant," Cinny said, with something unaccountably like fear in her tone. "Are you in show business?"

"I'm strictly amateur," said Tex; and then, since no one seemed to be watching, his fluid steps stopped and he faced her, hands light on hers, his dark eyes shining with pleasure.

"Tippy-tap-tap-tap." His foot taps could barely be heard, but there seemed to be a distinct challenge in them.

"Tippy-tap-tap-tap," her slipper answered curtly.

"Tap-tap-tap." You could imagine that his foot said, "You're all right." But his grin and nod could have accounted for that "Tap-tap-tap." "And so are you," it seemed she answered.

Tex laughed softly and caught her to him, self-consciousness momentarily forgotten; and they danced in a way that probably that staid ballroom had not seen before. There was a little of everything in it, but mostly it must have been telepathy, for otherwise even a girl with Cinny's dancing past could not have anticipated the impossible changes and rhythms.

Far from seeming exhilarated by it, Cinny Ross seemed to grow more and more distressed. And after a moment she broke from Tex and ran blindly to the door, with tears finding their way down a face as white as the orchestra leader's shirt front. Tex hurried after her. He touched her arm, distressed, and she looked at him as if she were staring at something out of this world. Which she was.

"Where did you learn to dance like that?" she whispered.

Tex said gently, "You know."

She nodded. "He was in the Pacific, too. After a while. He could have put off going. They wanted him to organise more camp shows. But no. He had to go and get himself——"

"Yes," said Tex. "He had to go. You want to understand that. He had to."

"And you," she said bitterly, "you had to come back and, with no warning, dance with me like—like he did!"

The chaperon at the door got to them now, glaring at Tex, reaching for Cinny Ross. "Can I get you anything, dear? What's wrong? This young man! I'll have him thrown——"

"No," said Cinny, voice muffled by her handkerchief. "He's all right. I just found out he knows—knew Bert Allsten."

"Oh," said the woman understandingly.

For everyone knew of the dancing team of Allsten and Ross, which was tops in New York and later in Hollywood, till Bert Allsten went into the Air Force. It was Allsten who had taught Ross all she knew, and marriage had been rumored in the columns, though this had never come to pass. When Allsten had been lost in a bomber, it was forgivable that Cinny Ross took time out from a picture in process, and understandable that she played no more dancing parts.

"We've got to talk," Cinny said to Tex. "Would you get my wrap?"

When they got to a side table in a little restaurant uptown, her eyes were sad and tender, but not frightened any more.

"I thought you were a ghost," she said. "With my eyes shut, I could have sworn I was dancing with Bert. You must have known him very well."

Tex nodded gently.

He told of how Bert Allsten, assigned to whip a camp show together, had picked him at random for the chorus, and then said he had a flair for it. "I should have. I've fooled with dancing since I was a kid. By myself." Bert had taken special pains with Tex, thinking to solo him. That fell through. "I was no good out of a squad. I could clown round before a few friends, but in front of an audience I froze. The spotlight killed me. I turned to wood." Nevertheless, Bert continued to drill him. It seemed to amuse him. "We were together nearly thirty months," he finished.

"And he taught you to talk with your feet, too?" said Cinny. "But it had to be him. No one but Bert and I knew of that."

Tex nodded. "He'd tap something and I'd tap back, and we'd see if we could get it. Usually we could." Tex grinned. "When we helped out with expressions even others could sometimes follow us. You know?"

"Of course, I know," said Cinny. And softly, under the table, her foot tapped twice, and she raised her eyebrows slightly, so that anyone should have known it meant "Like this?"

"That's right," tapped Tex.

Cinny's eyes moistened. She was going to cry again. But Tex touched her fingers with his big hand and shook his head.

"He went out fast—and clean," he said. "That's one thing I came to New York to tell you. The other is that he thought more of you than he could ever put into his letters."

"And I did of him. I should have married him before he left. And I didn't. That's one reason it hit me so hard."

"Well, that's enough of the past. Bert never dipped into it, any more than the others in our squadron, and he wouldn't want anyone to do it for him." Tex lifted his head sharply. "Chin up, Cinny," he tapped.

She raised hers. "Chin up, Tex."

Drawn together by common affection for a friend who had not returned from his last raid, the two had become old friends in an hour. Tex felt this way, anyhow, so that at the end of dinner he could say almost easily, "Now what?" Then he remembered whom he was with and faltered, "But I guess your evening is filled up already."

"It is," replied Cinny, tossing back her bright, famous hair. "So—what do you suggest?"

"You mean it?" blurted Tex. "Good! Why, first let's just take a walk."

"And after that?"

"Anything as long as we're together. But I'd like to see a little of New York, and I haven't much time."

"How much, Tex?"

"Till to-morrow noon. Then I'm going home."

Cinny asked where that was, and he told her. His uncle had a hardware store and he'd go back and help out. It would seem tame, but he'd own a piece of the business eventually, and he could use something tame after war.

So they walked in the cold night with the shop windows bright and expensive and other people crowding the walks, and occasionally, to Tex's discomfort, turning to stare. "Isn't that Cinny Ross?" Tex did not tell her of one thing Bert had said after he'd teased the older man about rice and orange blossoms when he got back home. "It isn't like that, Tex. Cinny thinks it is. She thinks she loves me. But it was just our work that tied us together, and she didn't have time to find that out before I went away."

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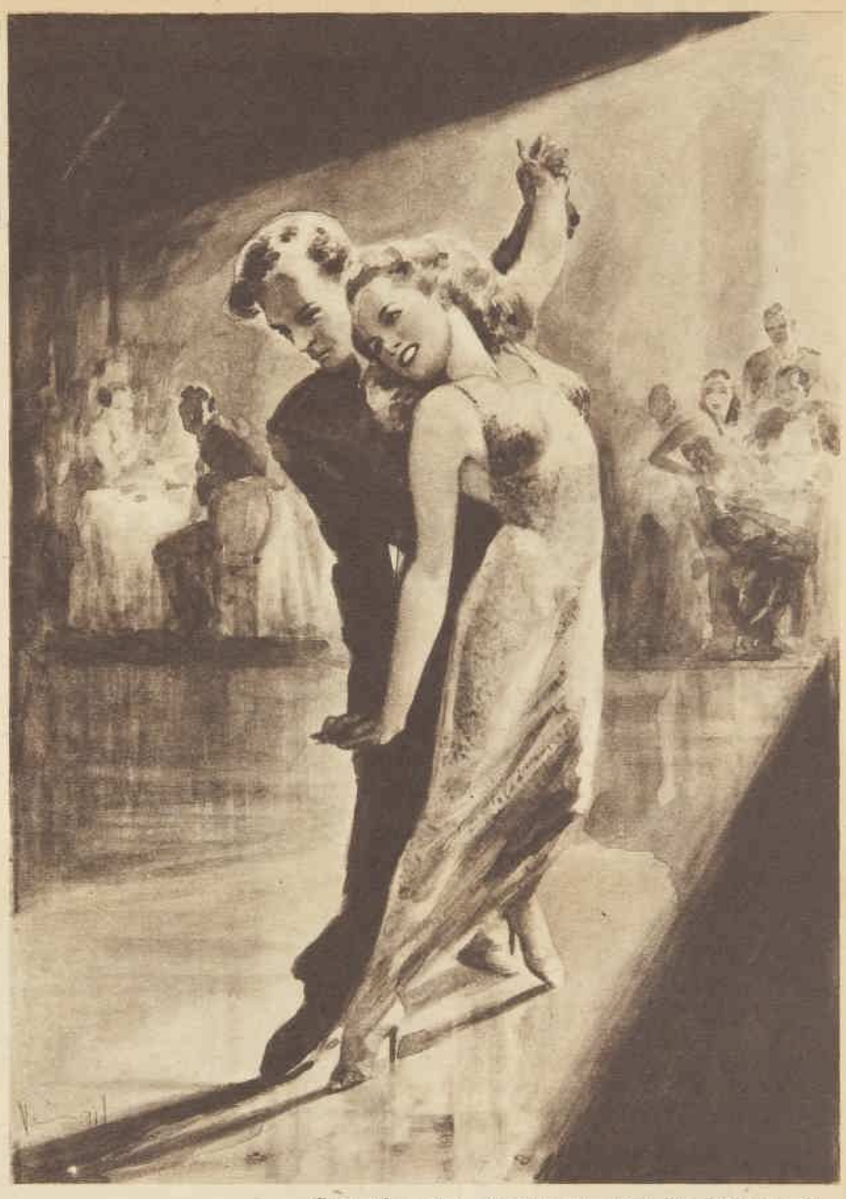

*Soon the other dancers had left the floor to sit watching just those two.*

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# One Year Later

***Startling crisis develops in our brilliant serial***

*"Please stop crying, Lucilla," George said sharply.*

## By AGATHA CHRISTIE

*MONTHS after lovely heiress ROSEMARY BARTON died of poisoning at her birthday party, her husband, GEORGE, receives anonymous letters declaring that her death was not suicide but murder.*

*Actually, strong motives for murder prevailed among the party guests. IRIS MARLE, Rosemary's young sister, was heiress to her large fortune. LADY ALEXANDRA FARRADAY knew that Rosemary was carrying on a secret love affair with her husband, STEPHEN. RUTH LESSING, secretary to George, and in love with him, was bitterly resentful of Rosemary. ANTHONY BROWNE was appalled when Rosemary accused him of being actually an ex-convict by the name of Tony Morelli.*

*Browne disappears after the fatal party, but turns up some time later and begs Iris to marry him secretly. She refuses to agree, not wishing to hurt George and LUCILLA DRAKE, her aunt, who has chaperoned her since Rosemary's death. George meanwhile is planning a trap. Discussing the whole affair with his friend, COLONEL RACE, he declares that one of the party guests must be the murderer.*

*Now read on:*

COLONEL RACE frowned. "But there must have been others about your table," he said slowly. "What about waiters? Who poured the wine?"

"Charles, the headwaiter at the Luxembourg. You know Charles?"

Race assented. Everybody knew Charles. It seemed quite impossible to imagine that Charles could have deliberately poisoned a customer.

"And the waiter who looked after us was Giuseppe. I know Giuseppe well. I've known him for years. He always looks after me there. He's a delightful, cheery little fellow."

"So we come down to the dinner-party. Who was there?"

"Stephen Farraday, the M.P. His wife, Lady Alexandra Farraday. My secretary, Ruth Lessing. A fellow called Anthony Browne. Rosemary's sister Iris, and myself. Seven in all. We should have been eight if you had come. When you dropped out, we couldn't think of anybody suitable to ask at the last minute."

"I see. Well, Barton, who do you think did it?"

George cried out, "I don't know! I tell you I don't know! If I had any idea——"

"All right, all right. I just thought you might have a definite suspicion. Well, it oughtn't to be difficult. How did you sit, starting with yourself?"

"I had Sandra Farraday on my right, of course. Next to her, Anthony Browne. Then Rosemary. Then Stephen Farraday, then Iris, then Ruth Lessing, who sat on my left."

"I see. And your wife had drunk champagne earlier in the evening?"

"Yes. The glasses had been filled up several times. It—it happened while the cabaret show was on. There was a lot of noise. It was one of those negro shows and we were all watching it. She slumped forward on the table just before the lights went up. She may have cried out or gasped, but nobody heard anything. The doctor said that death must have been practically instantaneous. Thank heaven for that."

"Yes, indeed . . . Well, Barton, on the face of it, it seems fairly obvious."

"You mean?"

"Stephen Farraday, of course. He was on her right hand. Her champagne glass would be close to his left hand. Easiest thing in the world to put the stuff in as soon as the lights were lowered and general attention went to the raised stage. I can't see that anybody else had anything like as good an opportunity. I know those Luxembourg tables. There's plenty of room round them. I doubt very much if anybody could have leaned across the table, for instance, without being noticed, even if the lights were down.

"The same thing applies to the fellow on Rosemary's left. He would have had to lean across her to put anything in her glass. There is one other possibility, but we'll take the obvious person first. Any reason why Stephen Farraday, M.P., should want to do away with your wife?"

George said in a stifled voice, "They—they had been rather close friends. If—if Rosemary had turned him down, for instance, he might have wanted revenge."

"Sounds highly melodramatic. That is the only motive you can suggest?"

"Yes," said George. His face was very red.

Race gave him the most fleeting of glances. Then he went on. "We'll examine possibility Number Two. One of the women."

"Why the women?"

"My dear George, has it escaped your notice that in a party of seven, four women and three men, there will probably be one or two periods during the evening when three couples are dancing and one woman is sitting alone at the table? You did all dance?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good. Now, before the cabaret, can you remember who was sitting alone at any moment?"

George thought a minute. "I think—yes, Iris was odd man out last, and Ruth the time before."

"You don't remember when your wife drank champagne last?"

"Let me see, she had been dancing with Browne. I remember her coming back and saying that had been pretty strenuous — he's rather a fancy dancer. She drank up the wine in her glass then. A few minutes later, they played a waltz and she — she danced with me. She knew a waltz is the only dance I'm really any good at. Farraday danced with Ruth, and Lady Alexandra with Browne. Iris sat out. Immediately after that, they had the cabaret."

"Then let's consider your wife's sister. Did she come into any money on your wife's death?"

George began to splutter. "My dear Race, don't be absurd. Iris was a mere child, a schoolgirl."

"I've known two schoolgirls who committed murder."

"But Iris! She was devoted to Rosemary!"

"Never mind, Barton. She had opportunity. I want to know if she had motive. Your wife, I believe, was a rich woman. Where did her money go—to you?"

"No, it went to Iris—a trust fund."

He explained the position, to which Race listened attentively.

"Rather a curious position. The rich sister and the poor sister. Some girls might have resented that."

"I'm sure Iris never did."

"Maybe not, but she had a motive all right. We'll try that tack now. Who else had a motive?"

"Nobody—nobody at all. Rosemary hadn't an enemy in the world, I'm sure. I've been looking into all that—asking questions, trying to find out. I've even taken this house near the Farradays so as to ——" He stopped.

Race took up his pipe and began to scratch at its interior. "Hadn't you better tell me everything, young George?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're keeping something back—it sticks out a mile. You can sit there defending your wife's reputation, or you can try to find out if she was murdered or not, but if the latter matters most to you, you'll have to come clean."

There was a silence.

"All right, then," said George in a stifled voice. "You win."

"You'd reason to believe your wife was carrying on a secret love affair, is that it?"

"Yes."

"Stephen Farraday?"

"I don't know! I swear to you I don't know. It might have been him or it might have been the other fellow, Browne. I couldn't make up my mind. It was torture."

"Tell me what you know about this Anthony Browne. Funny, I seem to have heard the name."

"I don't know anything about him. Nobody does. He's a good-looking, amusing sort of chap, but nobody knows the first thing about him. He's supposed to be an American, but he's got no accent to speak of."

"Oh, well, perhaps the embassy will know something about him. You've no idea which?"

"No. No, I haven't. I'll tell you, Race. She was writing a letter. I—I examined the blotting paper afterward. It—it was a love letter, all right, but there was no name."

Race turned his eyes away carefully. "Well, that gives us a bit more to go on. Lady Alexandra, for instance. She comes into it, if her husband was having an affair with your wife. She's the kind of woman, you know, who feels things rather intensely. The quiet, deep type. It's a type that will do murder at a pinch. We're getting on. There's Mystery Browne, and Farraday, and his wife, and young Iris Marle. What about this other woman, Ruth Lessing?"

"Ruth couldn't have had anything to do with it. She at least had no earthly motive."

"Your secretary, you say? What sort of a girl is she?"

"The dearest girl in the world." George spoke with enthusiasm. "She's practically one of the family. She's my right hand. I don't know anyone I think more highly of or have more absolute faith in."

"You're fond of her," said Race, watching him thoughtfully.

"I'm devoted to her. That girl, Race, is an absolute trump. I depend upon her in every way. She's the truest, dearest creature in the world."

Race murmured something that sounded like "Umhum" and left the subject. There was nothing in his manner to indicate to George that he had mentally chalked down a very definite motive to the unknown Ruth Lessing. He could imagine that this "dearest girl in the world" might have a very decided reason for wanting the removal of Mrs. George Barton to another world.

It might be a mercenary motive—she might have envisaged herself as the second Mrs. Barton. It might be that she was genuinely in love with her employer. But the motive for Rosemary's death was there.

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# TRAIN TIME

*"You've got to be there. He's counting on you," Nora said urgently.*

By GLADYS CARROLL

NORA gave a little spring to gain the only empty seat beside the counter, drew off her gloves, and rubbed her stiff fingers. She shivered. Her face was pinched and pale with the cold. She looked down at the violets on her lapel, surprised that they still held up their soft blue heads. She touched them, and they felt warm. Flowers were unaccountable.

The woman beside her, lavish in the silver fox, said, "Beastly day, isn't it?"

Nora turned quickly, grateful. The other woman's face was long and narrow, with thin black eyebrows above bright, tired dark eyes.

Nora thought, "I suppose we are about the same age. But I feel like a child beside her."

She said, "Oh, isn't it? I believe this station is even colder than outdoors, the way the wind sweeps through. And I've been waiting over an hour for a train. Now they've announced it won't be in for an hour more."

"It was fifteen minutes ago they announced it." The woman's eyes pierced Nora. "That was when I ducked in here."

"I should have," Nora confessed. She laughed apologetically. "But I didn't think of it then. I guess I was just too disappointed. Besides, I'd been walking up and down so long I couldn't seem to stop. Not for a while." Her shy gaze travelled upward again. "Are you waiting for the same train?"

"Through train from the north," the other woman said. All her words were short and tight. "That yours, too?"

Nora nodded. Her heart was pounding in her throat. She knew the other woman could see it. She was glad she did not need to mind.

"My husband will be on it," she said with pride, with joy, with fear, with a prayer.

The other woman said, "So will mine," and lit a cigarette. As an afterthought, she pushed the open case toward Nora. It was a big metal case, with intricate engraving and small jewels set into the points of every star.

"You don't smoke? How do you get through these things without?"

"Oh, I do," Nora said. "But it doesn't help me through anything, somehow. And to-day—I think I won't."

She ordered tea, and a roll.

The other woman observed, "Not even coffee?"

Nora shook her head again, still smiling, but with her eyes lowered.

The woman's voice said, bitterly, "Just violets, for you."

Nora nodded, still smiling, but suddenly everything blurred. That often happened. Most often when there was no good reason. She opened her handbag, and turned away her face to catch the tears unobtrusively.

The woman's voice said, "I didn't mean that the way it sounded. I suppose I'm just envious. It's really nice. If you can do it."

Nora tucked her handkerchief away and reached for her cup. The tea was hot and good. She broke her roll.

"It's so silly," she said. "I knew you didn't mean anything. But I do that sometimes, without any reason. Before I have time to think."

"So do I," the other woman told her brusquely. "We all do." She took another cigarette before the first was half-burned, and turned the case so that the inside of the cover faced Nora. The name "Claire" was engraved there in large block letters. Just "Claire." Nothing else.

"Is that your name?" Nora asked.

The other woman nodded, and drank coffee.

"Mine's Nora."

Claire nodded again. "I knew it was something sweet. Reserved. Old-fashioned."

"I didn't choose it," Nora smiled.

Claire glanced at her sharply. What did she mean? That she had chosen hers? Nora flushed.

Claire said, "No, but it fits. You chose the violets."

Nora said low, "No. Paul did. That was what he used to bring me when he was home. They were what he used to send me while he was still in this country. Sometimes when I got them there was no life in them at all, and I couldn't coax it back. He didn't like to telegraph them. He liked to buy them himself."

"You weren't with him then, at the camps."

"No——"

Claire said proudly, "I followed Kent all over the country. It was hard. But I wouldn't have missed a minute."

Nora looked at her. The thin, hard face. The beautiful, bitter mouth. The overbright, tired eyes.

She said gently, "I'm sure you help him. I would have tried to do that for Paul; but he didn't want me to."

"They all said that. But Kent couldn't prevent me. Every time he moved he told me to go home. But I always got there ahead of him. I wasn't one to bother him with finding a place where I could live. I took care of that myself. He never had to worry. I didn't have any home, except where Kent was. He thought I could stay with his mother." Claire laughed, without merriment. "It's a good many years since he stayed with his mother!"

In her apologetic way, Nora said: "We have a little boy. Three years old. Paul didn't want him travelling. And he wanted us to be together. I didn't know which way was right. I had to trust Paul to know."

Claire said, staring at a sugar-bowl, "I had to be with Kent. I'm mad about him. I always have been. I don't know how I've lived through the past year."

Nora said, because she could not help it, "I've lived through almost two." But she did not think Claire heard her. She asked gently, "Have you been working?"

Claire's eyes turned toward Nora, but her head did not move. Then her gaze went to the match-case, almost full, which she was shredding.

"Off and on," she said. "Here and there. I kept at it because of the money. I've got lots of clothes ready to wear when Kent gets here. But I still look a hag."

"You look wonderful," Nora told her.

Claire opened a blond wooden compact as wide as her face, holding it in big white hands.

She said, staring, "I've had two facials. And a permanent. I'm afraid it's still fuzzy."

Claire's voice snapped with the closing compact. She glanced at her coat. "I don't know whether he'll like so much black. He used to, but he may not now."

Nora said, "I think he will. Especially with that beautiful fur."

"The dress may help."

Claire unbuttoned her coat with trembling fingers.

"Oh, Claire! I didn't know there were such things! Wherever did you find it?"

"I had it made from an evening dress. It was one Kent adored. But I never found much chance to wear it. So I got a dressmaker; a French-woman. She gave it a marvellous line. I thought she wasn't going to finish it in time, so I haunted her this last week. I would have killed her if she hadn't, and she knew it. So I got it this morning."

"What luck!" Nora murmured, but her mind was wandering. She looked at the station clock. Still a half hour left.

"Kent was in a hospital overseas," Claire said. "Then they sent him back. He telephoned the night before last. Of course he said everything was nearly all right now. You don't think he was keeping something—awful, from me?"

Her eyes suddenly begged of Nora, not fiercely. Altogether piteously.

Nora said quickly, "Oh, I shouldn't think so, Claire. Not to be discharged so soon." She added, again because she could not help it, "Paul was four months in hospital overseas. He was wounded in the leg, but his arms—especially his right arm—are all right. I'm so glad—because he's an artist. And if he can go on painting as soon as he gets home—he'll get along all right, whatever else is the matter. Paul could bear anything—as long as he can still paint."

Claire's attention was caught for a fleeting instant.

She said, "An artist! Not much money in that game, is there?"

Nora laughed softly. "No. There never was. But we get along. And we will again. We don't need much."

"Got a home of your own?"

"No. Well, yes. We live with his parents. We always have. It's a big house. We have our own side. Paul's father converted the attic into a studio for him. He's an only child. He loves the place. He loves to think Mickey is growing up where he did. He's written a lot about that. It's meant everything to him to know everything he had to come back to was all in one place."

But Claire said, "In-laws. So many outsiders always around. You poor kid."

"I don't mind, Claire. I thought I might, but I didn't too much, even at first. Now I don't at all. Really."

"Poor kid," Claire said again; but she was losing interest. "Kent told me he was hit in the shoulder, and a little in the cheek, but it was healing so nobody'd ever notice. Even if it is his face, it wouldn't matter. Kent always was awfully plain, and I loved it. A scar or two might improve him. Stripes of honor, you know."

But after a minute she added hoarsely, "If he's keeping something from me, though, and if it were an arm—or a leg . . . Could I take it, Nora? Could I take it? I'd have to, I know—there's nobody else but Kent, and never will be. But could I take it?"

Nora whispered, "Yes. You could. Of course you could. How would it—really count? He's coming back." She looked at the clock. "In twenty minutes. In ten I'm going out again."

Please turn to page 10



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# Saved -by the frocks you didn't have!

Imagine yourself adrift in that waste of water. And at last, after days of nothingness, the sight of a friendly face and the firm grip of a helping hand! Don't you think you'd have felt thankful for the stout construction of that little dinghy — all that had stood between you and the hungry sea?

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# Train Time Continued from page 9

HOARSELY, Claire's voice went on, "He kept saying, 'I'm all right. Don't worry, Claire. I'm perfectly all right!' And he was full of wise-cracks, but what did that mean? When Kent can't wisecrack, he'll be dead. I know he isn't dead, but something happened to him!"

"Maybe whatever it is is all cleared up, as he told you," Nora said. But she put her hand on Claire's sleeve. "Don't hope too much, though. Just be glad he's coming. Nothing else counts."

Claire said to the sugar-bowl, "Kent is a commercial traveller. I travel round with him. We both like the life. But what would he do if he—if he couldn't work? What would become of us?"

Her eyes were begging again. And this time Nora felt suddenly tall and sure and strong.

She said, "You'll be all right. Whatever it is, you'll work it out. You love him, and he's coming home. Let's go out now. It's almost time."

She slid off her stool. Claire reluctantly followed suit, then stood still.

"Claire! Come!"

"I can't. I—Nora, I can't!"

"Of course you can." Nora's voice grew urgent.

"Claire, Kent's coming. You've got to be there. You told him you would be. He's counting on you."

"I know. But I can't."

Nora grew desperate. She could feel the seconds passing. She had to be out there. She would be out there. But she could not leave this woman behind her—this woman some man had come home to see; this woman who was probably about her own age, but seemed so much older; this woman who did not know what love could do.

Nora laughed. It was a silly sound. It had no connection with her. She did not feel like laughing. She opened her tag and fumbled in it for her own compact.

"Quick, darling. Put on your face. We must look ghastly."

Claire's hand found her blond compact by habit, instinctively. She peered at herself bleakly, blindly, and then the familiarity of what she saw, what she touched, aroused her. She tipped her head this way and that, using the rouge lavishly but with reckless skill. She lifted her eyes to Nora.

"Better?"

"Oh, much better, darling. Come on."

Nora's compact was back in her bag. She had only touched her nose. She wanted to look at her violets—night before last Paul had said, "Wear violets, Nora. I'll be watching for the girl behind the violets"—but she did not dare take her eyes off Claire.

Together the two women made their way through the crowd. At the gate they joined a hundred other women, all hovering as close as they could get.

There were a few children, too, looking cold and alone. For now each of the women was entirely alone. For each of their men was coming home alone; and each of these men had been in a far place, and nobody could know all that had happened to him there—to his body, to his mind, to his heart, to his past or his future. They were all waiting to find out. They might know in five minutes. They might not know for months. They might never know.

The train was in.

The gate opened, and a mob of people streamed through, with officials ordering the women back to let the others pass. They yielded quietly, and closed in again even more quietly more surely, like water finding its assigned course.

Some man said kindly, patiently: "Please keep back, ladies. Give these men room to get into the station. The stretcher cases will come up last."

Now that the gate was open and clear of people, the whole platform had come into view, a long, dim, sloping platform. And a few were already coming down the train steps.

Who was this one? Who was the one behind him?

Here and there a woman escaped the group, darted under the ropes or round the posts at the end, and ran down the incline. The other women closed into her place. They scarcely noticed her, or the man she met. It was not their man. Their gaze was fixed farther down.

Quite early the woman Claire saw Kent coming. He was tall and broad. The buttons on his coat were tight. He swung his bag as if it weighed nothing. He was grinning. His face was sleek and full, with lively sloe-black eyes. He had a scar like a sabre-cut running from his cheek up his temple into his hair. He would do well in his job again.

Claire screamed. She could not have helped it. She would not have helped it if she could. She had waited long enough. Too long.

His lively gaze found her. An instant later he had dropped the bag, lifted her across the rope, and stood there kissing her as if they had been alone—as, in fact, they were.

He said, "All right now, all right. Let's get out of this. How've you been? Could you get the reservation? I don't like the sound of that room of yours. Why aren't you in a flat? What did you do with the money I sent you? Never mind, you'll be all right now. And to-morrow we'll go out and get a flat."

Nora did not see them. Her eyes were farther down. Paul was just stepping off the train.

He stepped off slowly, but he came up the platform almost, if not quite, as easily as those who used no crutch. He used that crutch as if it were part of him. His uniform hung a little loosely on him, but his clothes always had. His face was thin, but there was not a mark on it; nothing there but Paul, the same Paul who had gone away.

He did not once look down. He was looking ahead all the way, to where Nora waited for him at the end of his roped-off path.

When he reached her, neither of them said anything. He put his free arm round her and walked her through the throng, until they found an empty space.

There he stopped, drew her against him, and looked at her for a long time. Then he kissed her.

He said, "How's Mickey?"

"Oh, Paul, he's wonderful!"

"Mum and Dad?"

"Fine, Paul. They've kept so well all the time. They've been so good to us. They wanted to come, too, of course."

"But this is no place for Mickey."

"I thought you'd think so."

"Nonny, your eyes shine."

"Be funny if they didn't."

He smiled at her. She had not been able to remember his smile. It was the only thing she had tried really hard to do, and failed.

"You don't mind too much you got one of the maimed ones?"

"Maimed!"

He glanced down at his knee.

"This isn't the same leg I wore away."

She glanced at it, too, with mild interest.

"It's a good one, isn't it?"

"Well, it works."

"I should think it did. You'll be dancing on it in a year."

"We'll see what we can do, along that line."

"Not that I care."

"You don't, do you?"

"All I worried about was your right hand."

"Practical Nonny."

"Well, you know what I mean."

"I could paint better with my left hand than most artists with their right."

"Why didn't you let me say that?"

"Because I still love to brag. I'll paint you. I'll paint you with violets."

"What a lot of violets you'll have to buy."

"Maybe we'd better wait till they are cheaper."

"That's right. Remember the bed behind the house that's always full of them?"

"Is it still?"

"Of course it is. Everything is—still."

"I see that, Nonny. I used to wonder. Now I know. And it's all I need."

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# SUZY PERSONALITY HATS

• Tricorne in the new "Junior" navy shade bound with white grosgrain and swathed with blue veiling which covers half the face and is knotted to cascade at the side.

• Aqua ostrich plumes bunched high in front contrast with vivid cherry coarse straw and soft satin loops. (Top right.)

• Tabac coarse straw sculptured closely to the wearer's head and trimmed with old gold braid and tassels over one ear. (Below.)

• "Espagnol" Suzy named this matador-inspired model. Coarse shiny black straw with fringe cascade each side. (Left.)

*WHEN Madame Suzy went to America last August under the auspices of the French Government to prepare a collection of her hats, she renewed a long-standing friendship with Mrs. Charles Lloyd-Jones, of Australia, who was then in New York. On this page, Mrs. Lloyd-Jones is photographed in hats which Suzy created especially for her. These four models are outstanding examples of the hats which the famous milliner models on the wearer's head to suit her personality.*

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*DELICATELY FASHIONED in brilliantly colored plastic, a floral brooch is a lovely accessory for a plain black cocktail frock.*

# THE MAGIC OF PLASTICS

## *Real gems have lovely rivals*

● From London a stream of glamorous jewellery, real and imitation, is pouring out to the rest of the world. All the Empire gems—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, opals, and pearls—are being used extensively by British jewellers in their bid to regain world markets.

EQUALLY lovely in its own way is the plastic jewellery. In clear vivid colors or classic solid white, rioting into floral bracelets and necklets or severely sculptured as the highlight of a plain suit, these "trinkets" would cause any passer-by to turn his head.

Jewellery artists have mainly concentrated on "suites," which generally consist of clips, ear-rings, and bracelet of similar design.

Also they are designing adaptable jewellery such as large clip brooches, which can be split up into two or three smaller clips.

Uses of plastics are seemingly limitless, and ideas of to-day will be glamorously incorporated in feminine wardrobes of to-morrow.

Hugh Beresford, a London fashion designer, has just taken an enchanting collection of new hats to New York, including some made of gay-colored plastics and nylon, with plastic ornaments, and stitched with plastic thread.

Beresford says he is looking forward to the day when plastic thread will be spun fine enough to weave into light, uncrushable, delicate fabrics.

Leather may have a new rival in the new plastic which has just made an appearance. Finished like leather it is expected to end restrictions on shoe styles in London before long.

Early this month it is hoped that these shoes in open-toed, strapped-heel styles will be on the London market.

In the meantime, some exciting styles are leaving England.

They are the lovely, transparent plastic already so popular in America and the perfect Cinderella slipper for any party frock.

*HEAVY chunks of multi-colored plastic make an enviable bracelet and dress ring. The design has been copied from one containing real stones.*

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# I stayed home

**An economical holiday has its disadvantages**

By BETTY NESBIT

● "Why don't you spend your holidays at home this year?" everyone said. "You've got a comfortable flat, you live in one of the best seaside resorts. Why don't you stay at home? It's summertime."

THEY all pointed out that if I went to a guesthouse the maids would probably be overworked and cross and I'd have to make my own bed, anyhow. "Besides," they said, "look at the money you'll save."

After madly scanning the holiday vacancies ads. for several weeks I decided they were quite right. The trains were always so crowded at this time of the year and I did live so near a surfing beach that I just had to tumble out of the front gate into the sea.

Besides it would be nice to have the leisure to do all the things I never have time to do as a hard-working girl.

For two weeks I would live in the glorious illusion that I was rich and just stayed at home.

The last week at the office wasn't a bit like the usual last week before leaving for the annual holiday oasis which stands shiningly in a desert of working weeks.

**There were no frantic last-minute shopping bouts, no buying new bathing costume, sandals, dirndls, talcum powder, toothpaste, and sponge-bag.**

What happens to those sponge-bags between one holiday and another I don't know.

"This is wonderful," I thought. "Here I am going on my hols. and I haven't spent a penny. No rush no packing, no wondering if my room will get the afternoon or morning sun, or whether the bed will be lumpy, and will there be millions of mosquitoes. Wonderful!"

Everyone said, "Gosh, you're lucky, you'll have a lovely time.

"The weather's wonderful," they said, looking out at a bright blue sky from which glared a midsummer sun.

The forecasts predicted bushfire danger and a heat-wave. Lovely hot weather, lovely weather for a holiday. It hadn't rained for six months.

**The first Monday of my holidays was wet.**

**So was the Tuesday.**

**And the Wednesday.**

But that didn't worry me. Just look at the money I was saving. My holiday envelope of crisp notes hadn't even been opened.

The drought had broken.

"Just the sort of weather to be indoors and clean out my wardrobe and dressing-table drawers," I said. "I haven't had time to do that for six months."

I cleaned them out. Treasure trove wasn't in it. A hand-embroidered pillow-case for which I had been looking for weeks, and a jumper, which I was quite sure had been pinched off the line, lay in the dust behind one of the drawers, and there was a pound-note tucked carefully under a sheet of paper lining another drawer.

It took me three days to clean everything up. So leisurely. It kept on raining.

By the end of the week I had cleaned out every corner of my bedroom, darned every pair of stockings I ever possessed, put new shoulder-straps on all my underwear, and had half-knitted a jumper for the winter.

**By the end of the week, also, the family had ceased to regard me as a fortunate creature on a holiday and had started taking my being at home for granted.**

Mother kept on wanting me to do the shopping, father made me go and change his library books, and my youngest sister insisted on my hearing her French irregular verbs every night as usual. There was also the matter of minding my married sister's infant son in the afternoon.

Of course, it was raining and the surf looked grey and cold. I didn't have anything else to do, I suppose, and besides it wasn't costing me a penny.

## Gloomy mood

BY the time it stopped raining at the beginning of my second and last week I had begun to feel as suicidal as the heroine of a Russian novel. I was beginning to snap at the family and wonder what was happening in the office.

Only the fact that the sun did come out stopped me from ringing up my best friend in the office and inquiring how everyone was.

The surf was perfect and the sun was hot. Everything was fine. It would have been but for the man next door. He was having his holiday at home, too.

With a chortle of joy he plumped himself down beside me on the sand and started to talk . . . and talk . . . and talk.

It's bad enough to have him sit next to me on the ferry all the year round and tell me all about his tomato plants, his petunias and views of the current political situation.

That all comes under the heading of work, but this was a holiday.

**I put my head under my large beach-hat, rather in the manner of a turtle withdrawing into its shell, but his voice went on.**

Then his son, aged five, joined us and poured sand down my back.

I went home, saying good-bye as politely as I could.

The next day the surf was fine too, but I just had a quick bathe and hurried up from the beach, carefully averting my eyes to avoid seeing my neighbour's cheery wave to "come and join us."

That evening at dinner, a perfect meal, the kind you never get anywhere else but home, mother announced that she had had a telegram from our two great-aunts in Melbourne saying they were arriving next day to spend a holiday with us.

"They thought it would be nice to come over now as you're having your holiday," explained mother.

"Of course, you'll have to share the bedroom with your sister. You won't mind, dear, will you? We'll make up the camp-stretcher for you. It's quite comfortable if you don't wriggle about."

How I hated the camp-stretcher and the horrible mattress that went with it.

I suppose I could have put up with even that but for my sister. In the darkness she used to recite great chunks from "The Highwayman," rolling out those oh, too-familiar lines.

"Then look for me by moonlight. I'll come to thee by moonlight though HELL should bar the way."

And this in the middle of the night. Some nights it was the "Forsaken Merman."

**I could stand the poetry, but when it came to being awakened at 5.30 a.m. and being asked "What's the second person plural conditional of the verb 'finir,' please," it was too much.**

One of the elderly legs of the camp-stretcher broke on the third night, along with my spirit. We were able to patch up the legs, but I didn't get much sleep, and the amount of work those aunts made in the house was more than surprising.

Of course, I didn't get much time for surfing or sunbaking.

I went back to the office last week, halting grimly on the way to go to the savings bank and put my holiday pay into my account.

It will be a nice little nest-egg toward the long vacation I'm going to have next year inland, 300 miles away from my home-town and its famous surfing beach.

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# Informal talk with first Australian Cardinal

## Archbishop Gilroy hopes for reunion with his old teachers when he visits Rome

**In an informal interview in the Presbytery of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, Archbishop Gilroy, who will be the first Australian-born Cardinal, discussed his life, his work, and his probable visit to Rome.**

**On the visit to Rome he would receive, as a Cardinal, his Red Hat from the Pope.**

ARCHBISHOP GILROY, who talks easily, quickly, and with spontaneous humor, said: "My Red Hat will not be the only addition to my wardrobe. In fact, I'll need a complete new one, as a Cardinal's red-trimmed soutane will have to replace my present Archbishop's purple-trimmed one."

On his elevation to a Cardinal (to be made at a Secret Consistory at Rome on February 18), he joins a distinguished circle of 32 Church dignatories from all over the world—the largest number of Cardinals appointed by the Pope in four centuries.

The Red Hat is symbolic of the elevation to the rank of a Prince of the Church, and is worn only once during his life—when the Pope places it on the wearer's head.

"So far, it is only known that a Secret Consistory will be held in Rome on Monday, February 18," the Archbishop said.

"My visit to Rome will depend on whether, as is the usual procedure, a Public Consistory is held three days later on the Thursday."

With boyish enthusiasm, the Archbishop is looking forward to reunions with at least two of his former teachers at the Urban College of Propaganda, Rome, if the Public Consistory is held.

"You can't imagine my pleasure when I discovered that these two old professors of mine had been appointed Cardinals also," he said.

"They are the Archbishop of Palermo, my Professor of Sacred Scripture, and an Armenian Patriarch who was my Professor of Sacramental Theology."

The two professors, Archbishop Gilroy recalled, were members of the Board of Examiners when he obtained his Doctorate of Divinity in June, 1924.

"Perhaps that's how I got my degree," he added, with a laugh.

"However, it does seem as though our three paths are inevitably entwined."

The life of the new Cardinal, who began work as a messenger boy, fought with the Anzacs at Gallipoli, and rose to the top rank of the Church hierarchy, is an interesting and colorful one.

He received his appointment by the Pope to the College of Cardinals last Christmas Eve, 22 years to the day after he was ordained as a priest at Rome.

The eldest son of Mrs. Catherine Gilroy, of Trafalgar Street, Brighton-le-Sands, and the late Mr. W. Gilroy, he was born at Glebe, and educated by the Good Samaritan Sisters and the Marist Brothers.

Said his mother, with whom he always spends each Sunday, and with whom he was breakfasting when he first heard the radio broadcast of his elevation:

"Norman was always a quiet, studious lad, and even as a tiny youngster always had his nose in books. Study was never any trouble to him, and there was never any question of pressing him to do his homework."

Said the Archbishop later, smiling at this description of him:

**"It sounds wonderful and the perfect boy"—then added with amusement: "But you know how terribly prejudiced mothers are."**

His schooldays over, or so he thought, the 13-year-old Norman entered the Postal Department as a messenger boy, later to become a wireless operator.

"I'm rather proud of the fact that I was one of the first to study as a wireless operator, too," said the Archbishop.

When war broke out in 1914, the 18-year-old postal clerk joined the Naval Wireless Transport Service and left Sydney as wireless operator on the Hessen with the 1st Light Horse Regiment for Gallipoli.

"He was a very good correspondent, writing wonderfully descriptive letters home to us," said his mother and his sister, Mrs. R. J. Baylisa, "but a very poor sailor.

"Sea-sickness was the bane of his life and he'd describe in his letters how he'd be sitting most of the time at his headphones, half-dead, half-alive, and wishing he could just sink through the bottom of the ship.

### Sold his diary

"HIS letters were always long and interesting. His diary of the Gallipoli campaign is at present in the Mitchell Library."

"I'm afraid the presentation of that diary to the Library was rather a mercenary move on my part," said the Archbishop.

"Just before I left Sydney to study in Rome, the Mitchell Library was appealing for war documentaries.

**"I was badly in need of pocket-money, and, keeping my fingers crossed, sent along the diary.**

"It was accepted, and along in the post a week later came a handsome cheque for £10."

Out of the Navy in September, 1915, the ex-serviceman rejoined the Postal Department, and was sent to take charge of the Lismore branch.

"It was here that I realised my boyhood dream of entering the Church," said the Archbishop.

"I met Dr. Maguire, present Bishop of Goulburn, and then Administrator of Lismore Cathedral, who helped and encouraged me.

**"He introduced me to the Bishop of Lismore, Dr. Carroll, who adopted me as an ecclesiastical student, and arranged for my entry to the Springwood Seminary.**

"From Springwood to the Urban College of Propaganda, Rome, my ordination in 1923, my Doctorate of Divinity in 1924, then back home to Australia again," resumed the Archbishop.

The Archbishop's first Sydney appointment was as secretary to the Apostolic Delegation.

He became secretary to Bishop Carroll in 1931, and early in 1935 was appointed Bishop of Port Augusta, South Australia.

*DR. GILROY, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, who will be the first Australian-born Cardinal.*

He left Port Augusta for Sydney in 1937, to become Coadjutor-Archbishop to Archbishop Kelly, with the right of succession.

Archbishop Gilroy was distressed when a crucifix presented to him when he left Port Augusta was stolen recently.

"It was an odd kind of theft," he said, "and I can't imagine what value it could be to the person.

"I was very upset about it, as it had deep sentimental value."

In March, 1940, on Archbishop Kelly's death, Dr. Norman Thomas Gilroy became Archbishop of Sydney.

Five years later, on December 28, at noon, official notification of his appointment as a Cardinal was conveyed to him by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Panico.

*PORTRAIT of the late Cardinal Moran, Australia's only other Cardinal, Irish-born, hangs in St. Mary's Cathedral Presbytery, Sydney. Dr. Gilroy is shown looking at the painting.*

*MOTHER AND SISTER, Mrs. Catherine Gilroy and Mrs. R. J. Baylisa. Mrs. Gilroy is naturally proud of her distinguished son. She lives at Brighton-le-Sands, Sydney.*

*WIRELESS OPERATOR in July, 1915, 19-year-old Norman Gilroy sent this picture to his mother from London. On the back he wrote: "Dear Mum—I don't know what you will think of this, my latest photograph. Hold it at a distance, and it is not too bad."*

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# Two married men among the new Rhodes Scholars

## Back to studies after years in fighting services

**Two of the men selected as Rhodes Scholars in Australia are married and their wives will be with them in Oxford while they study.**

**They are Bill Woodward, of Sydney, and Herbert Piper, of Adelaide.**

UNDER the terms of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, candidates must be single men, but that clause has been waived for this year.

Rhodes Scholarships this year were limited to servicemen or ex-servicemen.

The scholarship established by Cecil Rhodes in his will provides for the maintenance at Oxford University, England, of each scholar for three years.

The value of each scholarship is £400 a year.

Candidates are selected from all over the British Empire and the United States.

Normally one is selected from each State of Australia, but, as the scholarship lapsed during the war, this year the number was increased to two.

Bill Woodward lives with his attractive young wife and two youngsters, one-year-old Tanya and three-year-old Antony, in a guest-house in Ocean Street, Woollahra, Sydney.

He said:

**"The list of people I have to thank for my success, including my parents, teachers, and friends, is pretty long, but topping it is my wife, Mary.**

**"She has been my real help-mate all along. Study can be a bit of a problem in the cramped quarters of a guest-house."**

Bill, who is sitting for his sixth year final in medicine at Sydney University in March, expects to arrive in Oxford in October.

His wife and children will accompany him.

**All Rhodes Scholars must pay their own fares to England, and the problem is a specially difficult one for Bill.**

"It will cost us something between £80 and £90 for a first-class ticket for my wife, and I'm hoping I'll be able to work my passage as medical officer on the ship."

"It will take some juggling of finance to get us all across," smiled his wife, "but we'll work it out."

Son of Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Woodward, Grafton, N.S.W., Bill married Mary, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. K. H. McConnel, of Edgecliff, on the day he enlisted in the Armored Division in 1942.

Educated at Sydney Church of England Grammar School, North Sydney, Bill is proud of the fact that, of the four Rhodes Scholars preceding the war, three, including his cousin, Ian Eplin, were Shore boys.

*MRS. PIPER, who was on her way to England with her husband when news of his success arrived.*

*HERBERT PIPER, one of South Australia's successful candidates for the Rhodes Scholarship.*

In addition to his brilliant student record, Bill has always taken an active part in student affairs at the Varsity.

Awarded a University Blue for rowing, he now wields a stalwart oar with the recently re-formed University Boat Club.

HERBERT PIPER was a student at Oxford when war broke out, and he returned to Australia to join the A.I.F. With his wife he was on his way back to England when news of his scholarship reached him.

His father, Mr. Wallie Piper, of Adelaide, sent a cable to Bombay telling him the news, but it missed him there. So it was not until he reached Port Said that he knew of his success.

Mr. Wallie Piper, discussing his reaction when he answered the telephone call from Adelaide University announcing his son's distinction, said:

**"I was so stunned I almost dropped the telephone."**

**He added: "We are so proud of him."**

The winning of the Rhodes Scholarship by Herbert Piper was the culmination of a brilliant scholastic career at St. Peter's College, Adelaide, and later at the Adelaide University.

He saw service in the Middle East, receiving his commission, and in March, 1944, with the rest of the Sixth and Seventh Divisions, returned to Australia.

In 1944 he married Marie Forestal, of Melbourne, and after VP-Day the young couple left for England.

JOHN GOUGH was the other South Australian to receive a Rhodes Scholarship.

He too has had a brilliant record, achieved, says his eldest brother, Mr. Archie Gough, by slogging toil and gritting of his teeth.

**Particularly recently has he had to grit his teeth, for in the siege of Tobruk he was injured badly in both legs by German machine-gun fire, subsequently losing one leg. He has suffered tortures from the other badly injured leg.**

After gruelling months in hospital, on his return to Australia he went to the University to finish an almost-completed Arts course.

As his brother says, it's Australian "guts" that has pulled him through. He would never be beaten.

That same doggedness, says Mr. Gough, was manifest in John at an early age. He always wanted to master everything.

Apparently John Gough took the qualities of his youth into his soldiering days, for Digger pals speak very highly of him as a soldier.

"He was extremely vital and active, with an engaging manner and a great sense of humor," one ex-Tobrukite says of him.

He had to complete his degree of Bachelor of Arts, which he did with first-class honors after he left hospital, and it was his brilliant pass, coupled with his war work and past record, that won for him the Rhodes Scholarship.

He is the youngest son of W/O. A. E. Gough, A.I.F. His mother died about three years ago.

*PROUD PARENTS, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Williams, Mosman, N.S.W., with their son Lloyd, one of this year's Rhodes Scholars.*

### Big task ahead

OTHER New South Wales winner of the Scholarship, 24-year-old Lloyd Williams, ex-pupil of Scots College, Sydney, has a tough working year ahead.

A third year engineering student at the Varsity, Lloyd hopes to complete his fourth year within the next twelve months, in order to arrive in Oxford before 1947.

It's a big task, even for this lad who was dux of North Sydney Primary, won a bursary from North Sydney High to Scots, was dux of Scots, won an Exhibition to the Varsity.

Smiling at his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Williams, in the lounge of their home at 32 Gordon Street, Mosman, the good-looking Lloyd said:

**"Dad and Mother sacrificed a good deal in putting opportunities in my path and their help and encouragement, like that of all my friends and teachers, is something I can never repay."**

Lloyd, who enlisted in the R.A.N.V.R. in 1943, spent two years as a sub-lieutenant on convoy and mine-laying service. He was discharged in 1944.

A fine young athlete, he was 1942 breaststroke champion of New South Wales, won a University Swimming Blue in 1945.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams are naturally proud of their only son. Dad especially of the fact that Lloyd is to be an industrial engineer.

"Although I never tried to influence Lloyd, it was always my secret ambition that he would become one," said Mr. Williams, who, at 16 years of age, served his apprenticeship as a marine engineer.

*BILL WOODWARD, Woollahra, N.S.W., with his wife and their children, Tanya and Antony, who will go with him when he leaves for Oxford to take up his Rhodes Scholarship.*

TWO Victorians to receive the honor were Lieut. Alan Cash and Leading Supply Assistant Hugh Stretton, R.A.N.R.

Tall and dark-haired, 23-year-old Alan Cash is a good all-round sportsman and captained Melbourne Grammar School football and athletic teams. He is a son of Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Cash, Malvern, Vic.

He is particularly keen on running, and hurries off every evening to train for the weekly competitive meetings held by the Victorian Amateur Athletic Association at Olympic Park.

Alan was a brilliant Greek and Latin scholar at Grammar, and he is intensely keen about doing Greats (classics) at Oxford.

He joined the A.I.F. when 19 years old and spent two of four years' Army service in New Guinea and Bougainville.

Hugh Stretton is the second son of Judge Stretton and Mrs. Stretton, of Kew, Victoria. He is 21 years old and six feet two inches tall.

After doing one year of combined Arts and Law course at the Melbourne University he joined the Navy, where he has been serving in corvettes for the last three years.

He attended Scotch College, Melbourne, where he was in the crew in 1941 and where he played Rugby.

### Work before play

GORDON DONALDSON walked into his home at Toowong, Brisbane, one night and said quietly to his mother, Mrs. H. E. Donaldson: "They've given me a Rhodes Scholarship."

"That was just the way I would expect Gordon to break the news," said his mother. "He has always gone quietly along, always working if he had work to do, and playing afterwards."

Gordon, whose father died when he was very young, is a great home lover. Gardening gives him great pleasure.

His education began at Toowong State School, and continued at Brisbane Boys' College. From there he won a scholarship, and studied engineering at the Queensland University. He gained his Bachelor of Engineering when 21 years old.

For two years now he has served in a destroyer with the Royal Australian Navy.

Mrs. Jack Donovan did not want to boast, but she could not help confessing that it was no surprise to her when her son Joseph Patrick told her he had been selected as one of Queensland's Rhodes Scholars for 1946.

*JOHN GOUGH, South Australia, succeeded despite terrible war injuries.*

Joseph's father is Clerk of Petty Sessions at Mackay, Qld.

Christian Brothers' College, Gympie, was where Joseph spent his early school years. Later he attended Nudgee College, Brisbane.

**He went to Queensland University, where he did all his Law course except finals. In 1939 he joined the Militia, and since he has been in the Army he has sat for two subjects in Law, receiving a merit for one.**

Even while he was on service with the A.I.F. Ronald Cecil Gates, of Hobart, one of Tasmania's Rhodes Scholars for 1946, continued his studies for the degree of Bachelor of Commerce.

He had joined the Commonwealth Public Service in 1941 and at the same time became a part-time student for this degree.

He joined the A.I.F. in June, 1942, and at the beginning of last year was released by the Army to continue his University course.

He has just gained three high distinctions in completing his Bachelor of Commerce degree.

This brilliant scholar was a pupil of East Launceston State School and Launceston Church of England Grammar School.

Tasmania's other successful candidate for the Scholarship, Lieut. Charles Harcourt Miller, was a pupil of the Friends' School, Hobart.

He was at the University from 1939 to 1942, when he completed the degree of Bachelor of Engineering with 16 high distinctions and eight distinctions in 25 subjects.

He volunteered for service early in the war, and was called up for full-time duty in 1943.

Since then he has been on radar work in Australia and in the islands.

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# Editorial

JANUARY 12, 1946

## RETURN TO CIVIL LIFE

GIRLS in the khaki and blue of the Women's Services are rapidly exchanging their uniforms for civilian clothes.

By September of this year demobilisation will be complete, and nearly 50,000 women will be back in homes or jobs.

***We are apt to think that problems of rehabilitation apply mainly to servicemen. But, though the majority of servicewomen did not endure privations or dangers comparable to those of our fighting men, they do have similar hurdles to surmount in readjusting themselves to civilian life.***

Many of the girls enlisted straight from school; others gave up good jobs. Many of them found in the Services a more satisfying life than they had in peacetime employment.

While some have married or will marry, others must take up old jobs or start afresh.

***The younger ones especially will miss something they found in the last few years, which was formerly exclusive to men—the camaraderie which is one of the better things of war.***

Yet it is all to the good that nearly 50,000 women are equipped to understand problems of returned men.

They will make all the better wives for knowing why a husband wants now and then to see the boys of the old unit.

And, though the others, may, like the men, at first find it hard to settle into peacetime jobs, they will find that their Service experience, with its discipline and wider knowledge of their fellows, will have helped fit them to be what are so essential to the postwar world—good citizens.

# Manpower had a lighter side

## Mr. Bellemore recalls incidents that seem funnier now

*By VICKI ANDERSON*

**Now that manpower controls have eased, officials are able to recall the lighter side of what, during the war, was a far from humorous subject.**

**Some of them admit that in the strictest days of regimentation they went round with a furtive air. Women especially were inclined to regard Manpower as synonymous with bogy, for the high-priority jobs in wartime were by no means the most pleasant.**

LOOKING back on his three years as N.S.W. Manpower chief, 58-year-old Mr. Charles J. Bellemore says only one thing "got him completely down."

"I could take the bone-pointing, the abuse, and the keen disappointment of a good many folks in not finding my name among the daily obituary notices in the Papers.

"I could grit my teeth and grin when the phone rang at all hours of the night, comforted by the knowledge that after the lady or gent at the other end had released the stored-up torrent of abuse both of us would sleep better.

"I could sit in cafes opposite dear old dowagers and digest with my mashed potatoes the ladies' frank and uncensored opinions of the 'monster' who called up their darling girls.

"I could go incognito on fishing trips and smile at the thought of the fisherman next to me cheerfully pushing me over the cliff if he should suddenly discover my identity.

"I could laugh at my wife giving another name when she put her name on the list at a shop for a precious rasher of bacon.

**"I thought I could take everything, until came the day in a city train when I overheard a mother warning an obstreperous three-year-old that Mr. Bellemore would get him if he didn't behave.**

**"To my absolute horror, the kid sat as quiet as a mouse.**

"This bunyip stuff was too much for me. When the kid's eyes strayed in my direction I smiled, winked, and waggled my ears at him, but probably out of sheer instinct he suddenly burst out into loud bawls.

**"I got out at my home tram-stop, a defeated monster, my horns drooping down over my forehead, my tail dragging limply along behind, to crawl slimily home to my lair in the marsh."**

When I tracked Mr. Bogyman Bellemore down to his lair in Victoria Street, Ashfield, I found him convalescing after an illness.

Snowy-haired, fatherly, with a sense of humor etched on his face, he has nothing frightening about him except his fantastically bright dressing gown, with which, despite his attractive wife's pleas, he refuses to part. Eyes twinkling, he said:

"I might look a pretty pale and reluctant dragon at the moment, but you wait. I'll be about in no time eating up boys and girls and breathing fire and all the rest of the things I'm supposed to do."

This man had an unenviable task when, at 55, he found thrown on his shoulders the responsibility of harnessing the State's labor for war.

*MR. BELLEMORE, former Deputy-Director of Manpower for N.S.W. He was convalescing after an illness when this picture was taken.*

Through his department, during three years from 1942, one million men and women passed. It was his signature which diverted thousands of workers from non-essential to essential industries.

**Proud of the war record of the N.S.W. Manpower Department, its former leader gives the credit entirely to his staff.**

"We started from scratch with no precedents to guide us, but in no time the kinks were ironed out, and the machinery was in smooth working order," he said with pride.

"We made mistakes, but even they testify to the thoroughness and meticulous combing out of labor.

"One of our classic mistakes," he continued, "was the calling up of a nun for a factory, due to a mistake by a girl clerk in one of our National Service Offices.

**"Going through registration cards for a call-up the clerk found on one card the letters 'n u n' written in the space alongside 'occupation.' Thinking the writer was illiterate, the earnest young clerk crossed it out and wrote 'none' in its place.**

"And, of course, I'll never live down the 'Bellemore Ballet' label when we stipulated that theatres could only engage ballet girls over 45 years of age."

Despite the seriousness of his Manpower dictatorship, the raids, the endless interviewing of called-up men and women at the State's 43 National Service Offices, the conferences with employers, the hunt for more and more labor, and the problems of absenteeism, the humorous sidelights were many and varied.

"Many of the men and women themselves now will be laughing at it all," said Mr. Bellemore; "the tearful scenes and panic at interviews, the bringing along of relatives for moral support, and the incredible and ingenious ruses to dodge the call-up.

**"One lass, who claimed she was married, and brought along her baby to the interview, might have got away with it, too, except for the fact that the same baby came along with its real mother a few minutes later."**

Mr. Bellemore laughingly admits it was the women who gave him the biggest headaches.

"It was an easy task at first absorbing girls into congenial work with congenial pay, but when it came to the less congenial work like canning we had to get really tough, especially if it was the transfer of a girl from a so-called glamor job.

"Much depended on the attitude of the women toward the work to which they were directed.

"Some who went into it with a 'Heck, I'll try anything once' attitude and a genuine appreciation of the serious shortage of labor often found themselves quite at home after a time. It was the ones who made up their minds right from the start that they'd hate every second of it who presented the toughest proposition."

Mr. Bellemore remembers the strange air of desertion which settled over country towns whenever he paid a visit, official or otherwise.

"I was a passing pleasure-bound through Cowra, the night two big dances were to be held.

"The word must have shot ahead that Bellemore was coming, for I found out next day that both dance halls were practically deserted."

Last year Mr. Bellemore returned to his position as Under-Secretary of the Department of Labor and Industry, from which he had transferred to Manpower in 1942.

He plans to write a book on his Manpower experiences.

"I might title it, 'The Reign of Terror,'" he said with a wink.

# Interesting People

LT.-GEN. V. A. H. STURDEE

*. . . C.G.S.*

FORMERLY Acting Commander-in-Chief, A.M.F., Lieut.-General V. A. H. Sturdee, of Melbourne, has been appointed Chief of General Staff, Australian Army. Previously held this post in 1940-42—during critical period following Japan's entry into war. Was awarded C.B. for his work. For time was G.O.C. Australian Forces, New Guinea area. It is predicted that he will shortly be given important military appointment in London or Washington.

MISS GERTRUDE OWEN

*. . . World Y.W.C.A. emissary*

APPOINTED World Y.W.C.A. emissary in Malaya and Java, Miss Gertrude Owen, of Victoria, will work under South-east Asia Command. Will help with rehabilitation in Malaya and will later go to Java to contact Y.W.C.A. there. For past four years general secretary Brisbane Y.W.C.A., she worked for number of years in Malaya before war.

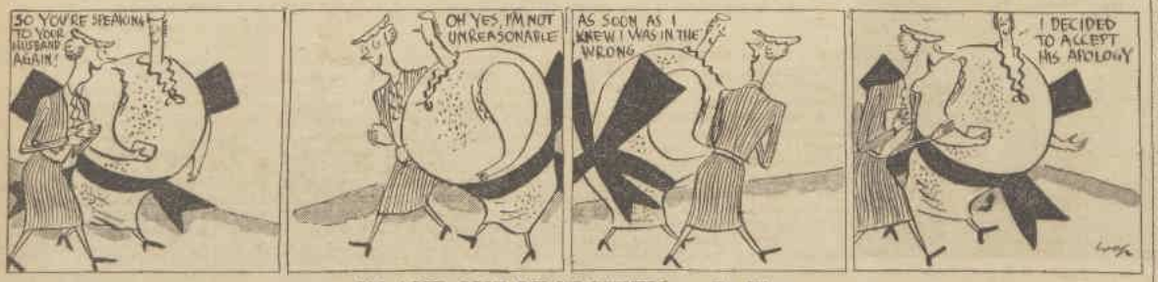
SIR HENRY FRENCH

*. . . goodwill mission*

RECENTLY arrived in Australia on goodwill mission from British Minister of Food, Sir Henry French was one of organisers of Britain's wartime food supplies. In 1936 he was appointed by U.K. Government director of newly established Food (Defence Plans) Department to prepare plans for supply and distribution of food in event of war. Later became secretary to Minister of Food.

**YOUR COUPONS**

TEA: 21 to 32 (on Jan. 14, 21 to 34 expire, and 35 to 38 become valid).
SUGAR: 11 to 16.
BUTTER: 22 to 24.
MEAT: Black, 50 to 56. Red and Green, 37 to 43.
CLOTHES: Y1-56, Z57-112.




IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722957

# As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

ARIANS, Librans, Cancerians, and a good many Capricornians must be cautious in all ways of life this week, for the daily planetary influences are confusing and disruptive. Most other Capricornians and almost all Virgoans and Taurians can find the week productive of opportunities, changes, progress, good luck, and good health.

Such people should set high goals and then strive to achieve them. Many Scorpions and Pisceans benefit somewhat, too, just now.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological diary for this week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Beware conflict, changes, upheavals, discord, accidents, and unpopularity or distress just now, especially on January 10, 11 and early 12. Live quietly; routine work advised.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Jan. 8 fair after midday; Jan. 9 quite good from 9 a.m. to dusk; 10 fair to 9 a.m.; 12 good after midday; 13 very good (best after 4 p.m.); and 14 very good to midday.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Although January 12 near sunset and 15 near dawn are quite fair for minor matters, quiet modes of life are advised now; especially on Jan. 8, 9, and 10, or late 15.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Beware pitfalls of all kinds; live with caution and quiet patience. Avoid changes, arguments, issues, moves, marriage; especially on Jan. 10, 11, 12, and 15.

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 24): Not a week for over-confidence or important changes. Routine work produces best results; Jan. 10, 11, 12, 13, and early 14 can all produce mild difficulties.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): A week for opportunities and improvements, but beware unexpected disruption, worries. Jan. 8, 9, 10, 11, and 15 unfavorable; but 12 after midday, all 13 (best after 5 p.m.) very helpful.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Beware troubles of all kinds now; Jan. 10, 11, and early 12 particularly difficult; 13 poor, too. Avoid changes, setbacks, discord. Jan. 11 probably worst.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Jan. 8, 9 (except dawn hours), and 10 (to 9 a.m.) quite helpful for modest ventures; but Jan. 10 (late), all 11, 12, and early 14 rather poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Not a helpful week, so live quietly, tactfully, patiently. Especially on Jan. 8, 9, 10, 11, late 14, and all 15. Routine work advised.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Be on guard; pitfalls likely. Dodge arguments, new ventures, changes, disruption; especially on Jan. 10, 11, and 12; yet otherwise this period good. Utilise Jan. 8, 9, 12 (after midday), 13 (best after 4 p.m.), and 14 to 3 p.m.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Just fair; yet Jan. 14 after midday and early 15 fair; but 10, 11, 12, 13, and early 14 poor.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Utilise Jan. 8 (evening best), or 9 (very good except near dawn); and 10, 13, and 14 for minor matters.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

*"Don't reach for a second helping!"*

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, appalled by the many cruelties of
**PRINCE PAULO:** Ruler of the country of Dementor, rescue his captives
**DORMUS:** A handsome young singer, and
**SYBIL-LOUISA:** A beautiful girl whom Paulo intended to marry.
Paulo is infuriated at Mandrake's interference; but every time he tries to destroy Mandrake, the magician tricks him with hypnotic gestures. The Prince is terrified, and shuts himself up in his castle. Mandrake rejoins the freed lovers, Dormus and Sybil-Louisa. He asks Sybil why Prince Paulo so hates her father,
**MARLOCK:** Who has just been arrested by the Prince's guards.
**NOW READ ON:**

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# Palm Beach setting for smartest sea

*SHORT DANCE GOWN in the popular midriff style, worn by Annette Fielding Jones, against a background of banana palms and sea. She made the dress herself, of natural cotton, dashingly printed in lilies and lily leaves of brilliantly shaded blues.*

*HUGE NAVY FLOWERS on white background chosen by Mary McIntyre for her two-piece cotton beach frock, with a "cover-up" top and buttoned dirndl skirt.*

## Ballerina skirts, mid
## bra-tops in p

*By JOYCE B*

**Beautiful play clothes, wo most attractive young girls, are holiday landscape at fashionable**

SUMMER brings to the beach playground of New South Wales a galaxy of exciting, brilliant cottons, featuring ballerina playsuits, snappy two-piece bathing costumes, short midriff dance frocks, in great gaiety and color.

Australian textile designers support the trend for distinctive "Palm Beachwear" with cottons printed with Australian designs.

In the years that have passed between the daring "neck-to-knee" costumes and to-day's French swimsuit, Palm Beach has changed as much as the beachwear paraded on its sands.

Many of the recently built homes at Palm Beach are up to the minute with parquet floors and streamlined furnishings.

But the homes built in the early days were typical "beach" houses, constructed so that many friends could be accommodated on wide verandahs.

Social life has changed, too, in the intervening years, and, although the inhabitants still enjoy strolling along the beach, more sophisticated forms of enjoyment in the shape of cocktail parties, luncheons, and dances while away the leisure hours.

Lady French, who has a cottage at Palm Beach, remembers going there 30 years ago with her first husband, the late Sir Herbert Maitland.

*SUNBAKING. Pretty Pat Marsland and Jeanette Pitt. Pat's ballerina bathing suit is a fuchsia-and-black printed design on an aqua background. Jeanette's satin lastex gown is in rainbow checks on a white background, and she wears a candlewick coat.*

*BALLET DANCER Anna Volkova bought this super brassiere model of printed green and black cotton in California. She is engaged to Captain Jim Barnes, whose sister Mops (seated) is wearing a white cotton swimsuit printed with a purple modernistic design.*

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# and sun togs

## driffs, and printed cotton

OWDEN

**rs by some of Sydney's a pleasant feature of the e Palm Beach.**

ling in their Rolls-Royce, they several hours to make the jour- as they had to cross in two where the Harbor Bridge and Bridge are now.

"A trip to Palm Beach about 30 ago was no light-hearted jaunt. mes it felt like a cross-con- expedition," said Lady

"There were two punt crossings d miles of rough dangerous roads, th the worst stretch between New- rt and the Beach.

"The small population at Palm ach was far outnumbered by the ds of wild goats.

### Pill Hill

I REMEMBER on one of our usual Palm Beach social functions—a all along the sand to Barrenjoey ghthouse—coming face to face whose fierce old goat and almost ing hunted over the cliff."

The late Sir Herbert Maitland and s wife were among the original rs to build holiday homes at lm Beach.

In addition to Sir Herbert, the late Doctors Bullmore, Gordon Craig, and Thring all had homes there.

Dr. R. Godsall and Dr. Brown Craig were also among the "early settlers" to live along the "top" road, which, because of their profession, became known as Pill Hill.

The doctors who pioneered Palm Beach in those early days likened it to a tropical paradise.

It is still favored by members of the medical profession, and many young doctors are members of the local surf club.

The first general store was at Palm Beach, on the Pittwater side near the jetty, as early as 1914, and was known as Booth's store.

Later it became Ellis' store, and then after the last war two returned Diggers, Mr. Fred Howlett and his partner, Gowe, took it over.

**Their general supplies came by ship from Sydney by the Erringhi and the Kallawatta, and meat and bread came by launch from Newport.**

They made their own ice-cream in those days, and froze it in old-fashioned freezers with coarse salt. It was just as popular as the well-known brands are to-day.

It was not until 1929 that Howlett's store was established on the beach side of Palm Beach. Before that there was no road through from Pittwater, and the top road was used by residents.

The same free-and-easy way of life still goes on at Palm Beach. These days, however, welcome guests bring their own sheets because of the laundry difficulties; their own rations—meat, butter, sugar, and tea.

*CHARMING PICTURE made by Coral Coles in her dance frock as its ballerina skirt catches in the breeze. Coral made the frock of honeycomb pique printed in red, blue, green, and yellow.*

*ELY young Geraldine Pitt, on holiday at Palm Beach, has a honey- pique costume printed in a navy-blue floral design. The brief costume sets off Geraldine's pretty figure to perfection.*

*FLOWERS in the hair are a tropical note in beach fashions. Elizabeth Roberts pins stephanotis in her soignee upswept hairdo.*
—Pictures by our Staff Cameraman, Jack Hickson.

*HALTER NECK with button and bow finish on Judy Swanton's white cotton costume, splashed with vivid scarlet flowers, which offsets her lovely honey suntan.*

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# Fashion PATTERNS

## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

### "CAMELLIA"—USEFUL PINAFORE FROCK IN RAYON LINEN.

THIS smart, cool pinafore frock has been fashioned in a delightful rayon linen in background shades of lime-green, sky-blue, sea-green, lavender-blue, and glory-pink. The pattern is a small scattered daisy design. Design shows new extended shoulder-line, deep waist, neckline with tailored, turn-back revers, fitting waistband, and gored and pleated skirt.

**Ready To Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/3 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 31/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

### "LISETTE"—ATTRACTIVE TOWN OR COUNTRY SUIT.

THIS sweet suit comes to you in the same material as given for "Camellia." It features a collarless neckline, wide extended shoulders, brief sleeves, and a nipped-in waistline. Skirt has six gores, and is slightly flared.

**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 52/6 (17 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 59/11 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 46/9 (17 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 47/6 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

**F4149.**—This attractive suit is right for any occasion. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide and 4yds. braid. Pattern, 1/8.

**F4150.**—Smart frock that is flattering to the fuller figures. Sizes, 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

**F4151.** — Well-cut coat, ideal for summer or winter. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

**F4152.** — A dinner frock that is meant for you. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 8yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/11.

**F4153.**—Smart afternoon or cocktail frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼ yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 679—SMALL GIRL'S FRESH, COOL FROCK

WITH the pattern traced clearly on an excellent British cotton cambric in shades of pink, blue, lemon, and green, this cute little frock comes ready for you to cut out and make up.

It is cut on princess lines, has scalloped collar and sleeves, embroidered yoke and buttoned front.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, 10/11 (4 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 12/9 (5 coupons). Postage 5d. extra.

### No. 680—PINAFORE SLACKS FOR JUNIOR

THE design for this small suit is traced clearly on an American cotton in shades of copen-blue, sandalwood, natural, bluestone, and sea-green, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together.

It features the bib-and-brace top, with straps over the shoulders, straight tailored trousers, and embroidered hip-pocket.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (2 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 6/11 (3 coupons). Postage 4½d. extra.

## CONCESSION PATTERN

### THREE-PIECE LINGERIE SET

Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust.

**No. 1.**—Scanties, requires 1yd., 36in. wide.
**No. 2.**—Slip, requires 2¼yds., 36in. wide.
**No. 3.**—Brassiere, requires ½yd., 36in. wide.

### Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 1033A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
TASMANIA: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....
STREET .....
SUBURB .....
TOWN .....
STATE .....
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 12/1/46.

● *PLEASE NOTE!* To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: ★ *Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS.* ★ *Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS.* ★ *State size required.* ★ *For children state age of child.* ★ *Use box numbers given on this page.* ★ *No. C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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# One Year Later

Continued from page 7

SWITCHING to a new angle, Race said: "I suppose it's occurred to you, George, that you had a pretty good motive yourself."

"I?" George looked flabbergasted.

"Well, remember Othello and Desdemona."

"I see what you mean. But—but it wasn't like that between me and Rosemary. I adored her, of course. Not that she wasn't fond of me. She was. She was very fond of me, and sweet to me always. But, of course, I'm a dull stick; no getting away from it. Not romantic, you know.

"Anyway, I'd made up my mind when I married her that it wasn't going to be all beer and skittles. It hurt, of course, when it happened, but to suggest that I'd have touched a hair of her head——"

He stopped, and then went on in a different tone. "Anyway, if I'd done it, why on earth should I go raking it all up? I mean, after a verdict of suicide, and everything all settled and over. It would be madness."

"Absolutely. That's why I don't seriously suspect you, my dear fellow. If you were a successful murderer and got a couple of letters like these, you'd put them quietly in the fire and say nothing at all about it. And that brings me to what I think is the one really interesting feature of the whole thing. Who wrote those letters?"

"Eh?" George looked rather startled. "I haven't the least idea."

"The point doesn't seem to have interested you. It interests me. It's the first question I asked you. We can assume, I take it, that they weren't written by the murderer. Why should he queer his own pitch when, as you say, everything had settled down, and suicide was universally accepted? Then who wrote them? Who is it who is interested in stirring the whole thing up again?"

"Servants?" hazarded George, vaguely.

"Possibly. If so, what servants, and what do they know? Did Rosemary have a personal maid?"

George shook his head. "No. At the time we had a cook, Mrs. Pound—we've still got her—and a couple of maids. I think they've both left. They weren't with us very long."

"Well, Barton, if you want my advice, which I gather you do, I should think the matter over very carefully. On one side there's the fact that Rosemary is dead. You can't bring her back to life, whatever you do. If the evidence for suicide isn't particularly good, neither is the evidence for murder. Let us say, for the sake of argument, that Rosemary was murdered. Do you really wish to rake up the whole thing? It may mean a lot of unpleasant publicity, a lot of washing of dirty linen in public, your wife's love affairs becoming public property."

George Barton winced. He said violently, "Do you really advise me to let some swine get away with it? That stick Farraday, with his pompous speeches and his precious career, and all the time, perhaps, a cowardly murderer."

"I only want you to be clear what it involves."

"I want to get at the truth."

"Very well. In that case, I should go to the police with these letters. They'll probably be able to find out fairly easily who wrote them, and if the writer knows anything. Only remember that once you've started them on the trail you won't be able to call them off."

"I'm not going to the police. That's why I wanted to see you. I'm going to set a trap for the murderer."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Listen, Race. I'm going to have a party at the Luxembourg. I want you to come. The same people, the Farradays, Anthony Browne, Ruth, Iris, myself. I've got it all worked out."

"What are you going to do?"

George gave a faint laugh. "That's my secret. It would spoil it if I told anyone beforehand—even you. I want you to come with an unbiased mind and see what happens."

Race leaned forward. His voice was suddenly sharp. "I don't like it, George. These melodramatic ideas out of books don't work. Go to the police. There's no better body of men. They know how to deal with these problems. They're professionals. Amateur shows in crime aren't advisable."

"That's why I want you there. You're not an amateur."

"My dear fellow. Because I once did work for M.I. Five? And, anyway, you propose to keep me in the dark."

"That's necessary."

Race shook his head. "I'm sorry. I refuse. I don't like your plan and I won't be a party to it. Give it up, George; there's a good fellow."

"I'm not going to give it up. I've got it all worked out."

"Don't be so obstinate. I know a bit more about these shows than you do. I don't like the idea. It won't work. It may even be dangerous. Have you thought of that?"

"It will be dangerous for somebody, all right."

Race sighed. "You don't know what you're doing. Oh, well, don't say I haven't warned you. For the last time I beg you to give up this crackbrained idea of yours."

George Barton only shook his head.

THE morning of November the second dawned wet and gloomy. It was so dark in the dining-room of the house in Elvaston Square that they had to have the lights on for breakfast. Iris, contrary to her habit, had come down instead of having her coffee and toast sent up to her, and sat there, white and ghostlike, pushing uneaten food about her plate. George rustled his paper with a nervous hand, and at the other end of the table Lucilla Drake wept copiously over the latest escapade of her son Victor.

"I know the dear boy will do something dreadful. He's so sensitive—and he wouldn't say it was a matter of life and death if it wasn't."

George said sharply, "Please stop crying, Lucilla. I've said I'll see to it."

"I know, dear George. You are always so kind. But I do feel any delay might be fatal. All these inquiries you speak of making; they will all take time."

"No, no; we'll hurry them through."

"He says, 'without fail by the third,' and to-morrow is the third. I should never forgive myself if anything happened to the darling boy."

"It won't." George took a long drink of coffee.

"And there is still that conversion loan of mine——"

"Look here, Lucilla, you leave it all to me."

"Don't worry, Aunt Lucilla," put in Iris. "George will be able to arrange it all. After all, this has happened before."

"Not for a long time — three months," said Aunt Lucilla. "Not since the poor boy was deceived by those dreadful swindling friends of his on that horrid ranch."

George got up, patting Mrs. Drake kindly on the back as he made his way out of the room. "Now do cheer up, my dear. I'll get Ruth to cable right away."

As he went out in the hall, Iris followed him. "George, don't you think we ought to put off the party to-night? Aunt Lucilla is so upset. Hadn't we better stay at home with her?"

"Certainly not!" George's pink face went purple. "Why should that swindling young crook upset our whole lives? It's blackmail—sheer blackmail, that's what it is! If I had my way, he shouldn't get a penny!"

"Aunt Lucilla would never agree to that."

"Lucilla's a fool—always has been. These women who have children when they're over forty never seem to learn any sense. Spoil the brats from the cradle by giving them everything they want. If young Victor had once been told to get out of his mess by himself, it might have been the making of him. Now don't argue, Iris. I'll get something fixed up before to-night so that Lucilla can go to bed happy. If necessary, we'll take her along with us."

"Oh, no, she hates restaurants, and gets so sleepy, poor darling. And she dislikes the heat, and the smoky air gives her asthma."

"I know. I wasn't serious. Go and cheer her up, Iris. Tell her everything will be all right."

He turned away and out of the front door. Iris turned slowly back toward the dining-room. The telephone rang and she went to answer it.

"Hullo . . . Who?" Her face changed, its white hopelessness dissolved into pleasure. "Anthony!"

"Anthony himself. I rang you up yesterday, but couldn't get you. Have you been putting in a spot of work with George?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, George was so pressing over this invitation to your party to-night. Quite unlike his usual style of 'hands off my lovely ward!' Absolutely insistent that I should come. I thought perhaps it was the result of some tactful work on your part."

"No, no, Anthony. It's nothing to do with me."

"A change of heart all on his own?"

"Not exactly. It's——"

"Hullo. Have you gone away?"

"No. I'm here."

"You were saying something. What's the matter, darling? I can hear you sighing through the telephone. Is anything the matter?"

"No, nothing. I shall be all right to-morrow. Everything will be all right to-morrow."

"What touching faith. Don't they say 'To-morrow never comes?'"

"Don't."

"Iris, something is the matter?"

"No, nothing. I can't tell you. I promised, you see."

"Tell me, my sweet."

"No, I can't, really. Anthony, will you tell me something?"

"If I can."

"Were you ever in love with Rosemary?"

Please turn to page 27

# WORTH Reporting

WE are allowing only one guess for the name of this city described by an English visitor.

"It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions; for it is only on taking a bird's eye view of it that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector . . .

"Spacious avenues that begin in nothing and lead nowhere; streets, mile-long, that only want houses, roads and inhabitants; public buildings that need but a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which, oh, only lack great thoroughfares to ornament—are its leading features . . .

"Such as it is, it is likely to remain. It was originally chosen for the seat of Government, as a means of averting the conflicting jealousies and interests of the different States . . ."

No, it's not Canberra, but Washington. The writer, Charles Dickens, a hundred years ago, in his "American Notes."

## Animal Antics

*"Wait a minute, Oliver. I think I'll fill my fountain-pen."*

## Deflated

A WOMAN we know was highly pleased about the sale she made to the antique department of a well-known city store, until she revisited the shop next day.

The glasses she had sold for 15/- each were proudly on view at 27/6.

Her sister quickly put an end to her bitter remarks about wartime profiteering by reminding her that the glasses had originally been bought in the same store early in 1939 as a Friday special for a shilling each glass.

* * *

*IN a tram the other day we overheard the voice of youth.*

*There were two lads, aged about 14 and 13. On noticing the crowds of hardy drinkers collected outside a hotel, one said to the other:*

*"Isn't drinking a waste of time!"*

## The American Way

WE like the story that a major in the Royal Marines tells about General Jimmy Doolittle, famous American flyer, hero of the first Tokio air raid.

It appears that when General Doolittle was talking to the major in his office he noted the titles of several filing baskets on the desk.

They were marked Priorities, Priority 1, and Urgent.

Doolittle considered the words for a few minutes, and then said, "Say, you know we've got one basket we call 'Frantic'."

* * *

*HOUSING NOTE: Fifty thousand bungalows will be produced in England this year from aluminium scrap recovered from obsolete aircraft.*

## Rats

QUITE recently our office bought a cat to which the staff has given the rather old-world name of Maud.

Her mission in life is to destroy the rats which race up and down the corridors and do a nocturnal gymnasium act in the stationary lift cage, terrifying late workers.

We hope that Maud will be successful in her future career as a rat-killer, but at the moment, since she is only a very small kitten, it is necessary to lock her up at night in case the rats eat her.

## Type of peace

*Wild Indians in Brazil, who formerly attacked explorers' planes, desisted when pin-up pictures of Lana Turner and other beauties were dropped to them.*

**STRANGE is the power of beauty**
**When curves of pin-up fame**
**In a celebrated cutie**
**Can make a wild man tame.**
**The Indians, having met her,**
**Are to ways of peace beguiled.**
**Yet Lana in her sweater**
**Makes many a tame man wild.**
**—DOROTHY DRAIN.**

*THE little R.N. sailor sitting on a park bench must have had a bad fit of homesickness.*

*He was showing his tattoo marks to an Australian soldier.*

*"There's Mum on one arm, Dad on the other, and me girl-friend's on me chest," he said.*

## Fashion and R.A.A.F.

OUR London office cables that the R.A.A.F. has left its mark on London fashions.

At a recent exhibition of Yorkshire woollen cloths arranged by the International Wool Secretariat one sample caused much interest.

It was a fine quality cloth in dark blue, and visitors were told that it was a length of suiting for R.A.A.F. officers.

The material is made by only a few mills in England, and has not yet been sold to civilians, but manufacturers are hoping that it will soon be available.

A few English women have already managed to make most attractive costumes from old R.A.A.F. uniforms.

## Model Saloon

IN these days of barber shortage the sign outside a men's hairdressing saloon in Melbourne sounds too good to be true.

"Haircuts, shaves, shampoos, steam and electric vibrator face massage treatment, 15 chairs and no waiting. All free to servicemen."

The saloon, which is in Latrobe Street, has been opened by the Reconstruction Training Branch of the Education Department. Patrons are attended to by aspiring ex-servicemen trainee hairdressers who work under the direction of a supervisor.

A similar saloon will shortly be set up in Prahran to train ex-servicewomen in hairdressing and beauty culture.

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS

*"Why couldn't we have arranged to have these supplies dropped by parachute or something?"*

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LOVELY WEDDING GROUP. Lieut. Dan Scratton, R.N. (fifth from left) and his bride, formerly Joan McPhee, snapped in the garden of Mrs. Walter Burfitt's home, where reception was held after wedding at St. Canice's. From left are Lieut. (E.) Claude Jackson, R.N.; Olga Martin; Lieut. "Nicky" Wilmott, R.N.; Betty Ozenham; bridegroom and bride; Rosita Nash, Sub.-Lieut. Deane, R.N.

BREEZE CATCHES BRIDE'S VEIL. Lieut. Barry Lyle and his bride, formerly Julee Helen McGrath, leave St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, with attendants, Ron Allen; bride's sister, Mrs. Ian Platt Hepworth; Lieut. Roger Wotton; bridegroom's sister, Inez Lyle; and bride's youngest sister, Anne McGrath.

# Intimate Gottings

***STARTING the New Year off with a swing, British battleship King George V holds two super parties on board. "Ceremonial Sunset" and lowering of the White Ensign with the massed bands of the ship taking part make an impressive finale to cocktail party which is attended by several hundred guests.***

Couldn't help thinking "How British!" when the men forgathered for a stag dinner-party afterward, and feminine members of the party meandered home alone!

However, women came to the fore on the night of the dance on board, and filmy evening dresses in pastel shades made a pretty sight flitting on the decks.

Parties were held to say "good-bye" to Sydney friends by the officers on board before they sailed for home.

Noticed Major-General Bertie Lloyd there with Mrs. Lloyd and their son and daughter-in-law, Mick and Pauline.

• • •

BELIEVE party held at Philip Bevan's farm on New Year's Eve was enjoyed by all. Captain B. B. Schofield, of the King George V, and Commander R. T. White, from the same ship, were among the guests to sit down on the banks of the Nepean to a barbecued lamb, corn on the cob, and delicious ham. A cool dip in the river before dinner whetted everyone's appetite for their outdoor meal.

• • •

SEVEN days' glorious leave for Major Joyce Snelling, A.A.M.W.S., who takes cottage at Cronulla and surfs with children, Jennifer and Susan. Prize possession of Joyce's at the moment is dinner service, which she bought during recent trip to Cootamundra.

DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER WEDS. Captain Neville Hoddle, A.A.M.C., and his bride, formerly Marcelle Poate, leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with attendants, ex-P.O.W. Johnny Fuller and bride's sister, Jeanette Poate. Bride is elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate.

BY AIR MAIL from London comes this charming picture of Queen Mary, who is an ardent film fan, congratulating new star Ann Todd after seeing private screening of "The Seventh Veil," in which lovely Ann plays one of the leading roles.

PILOT of the plane that carried our Editor, Mrs. Alice Jackson, on a flight from Brussels over the Ruhr on her recent trip abroad, Flight-Lieutenant Jim Dransfield was married recently to Iris Hambly at St. Paul's Church, Sydney. Jim was attended by Flight-Lieut. Howard Purnell, of 464 Squadron, and Flying-Officer Alan Brown, D.F.C., both of whom returned with the bridegroom—after three years' service abroad—on the Aquitania.

• • •

GAY time for Lieut.-Colonel Malcolm Walters, Indian Army, who comes to Sydney on 61 days' leave with Mrs. Walters and five-year-old daughter Victoria. Colonel Walters has been through the Burma campaign attached to H.Q. staff with the famous 14th Army under command of Lord Louis Mountbatten. His mother, Mrs. E. Walters, of Coonabarabran, formerly of Killara, came to Sydney to meet them, and stayed with them at Balgowlah.

The Walters visit Coonabarabran before Colonel Walters returns to India. Mrs. Walters will remain in Sydney for six months.

• • •

HEAR news of Rosemary Blythman's engagement to Robert Bridges, ex-A.I.F., and Tobruk Rat. Rob and Rosemary planned short engagement, with wedding to take place before Christmas, but electricity restrictions spoiled their plans, so as yet no definite wedding date has been fixed, and Rosemary is still carrying on with the good work as voluntary helper at the British Centre.

SMILES for the camera. Attractive Lesley Pope, younger daughter of Commodore and Mrs. C. J. Pope, of Darling Point, and her fiance, Sydney Piddington, ex-P.O.W., announce their engagement. Lesley is appearing in the Minerva show, "Yes and No."

DATE for your diary: Christmas Pantomime, "Cinderella," at the Sydney Town Hall, on January 12, in aid of Y.W.C.A. Building and Extension Fund.

• • •

BELIEVE Mitty Russo will leave for China with her husband, Dr. Peter Russo, when he departs to join staff of "The Argus" as Far Eastern editor. Mitty and Peter plan visit to Sydney in March before they leave for China in May.

Joyce

HAPPY BRIDAL GROUP. Lieut. (E.) Eric McKee, R.N., and his pretty bride, formerly Betty Deane, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral with best man, Lieut. Charles Mole, R.N., and bridesmaid, Billie Tonkin.

R.N. WEDDING. Lieut.-Commander Eric Burnham, R.N., and bride, formerly Pat Farrar, leaving St. Michael's, Vaucluse, with attendants, Lieut. Ted Burnham, R.N., and Betty Henderson.

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# Youngsters mentally sharp, says compere

**Children of 16 years of age are not necessarily mentally sharper than their younger brothers and sisters. This is the opinion of John Dease, Quizmaster for station 2GB.**

HE said that he has found that some 11 and 12-year-old children are just as clever as their elders. They have a knowledge of subjects that older boys and girls have forgotten or outgrown.

John Dease made these comments when discussing forthcoming changes in the ranks of the Quiz Kids, because some of the team have reached retirement age.

The Quiz Kids session, which has been broadcast for years, has been changed from Friday night to Sunday at 7.30 p.m.

*JOHN DEASE, compere of the 2GB Quiz Kids session, presenting an original Quiz Kid, Bernard Lake, with medical instruments, when he started his medical course at Sydney University.*

Mr. Dease pointed out that there had sometimes been criticism because it had been felt that selection of children as Quiz Kids and the resultant publicity might have adverse effects on their studies.

"As a matter of fact, the Quiz Kids whose names I can call casually to mind have been given the strongest possible backing in their studies because they were Quiz Kids in the first place," said Mr. Dease.

Mr. Dease went on to discuss the successes achieved by several of the original Quiz Kids.

He recalled Bernard Lake, an original member of the Kids, whose pass in first-year medicine has been announced.

Other originals, Alan Mitchell and Jimmy Hagan, have risen to the rank of Prefect in Sydney High School.

Shirley Christenson, still another original, has been posted to the captaincy of Sydney Girls' High School for 1946.

Others to sustain their academic honors since they left the Quiz Kids are Dorothy Revie and Michael Connors.

As far as the future is concerned, Mr. Dease said that numbers of promising youngsters had been, and will be, given auditions. It was not possible at the moment to forecast how they would shape, but he was confident that the final Quiz Kids selected would be a brilliant lot.

"I think it fair to say that a primary school which gave us several original Quiz Kids looks like supplying one successor, and I'm also predicting that one new member will be drawn from a Northern Suburbs school," he concluded.

# What's on your mind?

## Brighten the bush with books

AS one means of stopping the drift of population from country to city let us have travelling libraries.

In the United States these "bookmobiles" tour the highways and byways, distributing books and periodicals to farmers who have not the means to subscribe to city libraries or buy current best-sellers.

A scheme could be worked in association with local governing bodies and would be an important factor in raising the general standard of education.

**£1 to C. A. Arnold, Ouyen, Vic.**

READERS are invited to write in this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

## Dangerous surfers

IT'S a pity that some of the people who go surfing can't be more careful when they are shooting the waves.

I'm not a very strong swimmer and I don't go out very far, but

I always seem to be getting knocked over by people coming in on shoots. And I'm not the only one.

I'm not complaining about those who can really shoot, they can always avoid other surfers, but when swimmers can't control their direction they should give up shooting waves or go away from the crowd.

**5/- to Mrs. A. Clark, Vulture St., South Brisbane.**

## Houses and streets

THE difficulty of finding streets and houses in many suburbs should be rectified with the new building plans.

Houses should bear numbers visible by day and night. Every street should have a sign at the corner.

Otherwise let us have some shady trees to rest under while we are looking for the house without a number in the street without a name.

**5/- to Mrs. E. Fiegel, 81 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.**

## Solve shrinking problem

WHEN the manufacturer produces an article of clothing, such as a woman's silk frock, a small piece of the same material should be attached to the garment.

When it becomes soiled, all one would have to do would be to wash the sample of material in order to determine whether it would shrink or not.

For untested fabrics it would certainly save a lot of money in unnecessary dry-cleaning accounts.

Very often, sooner than risk washing the garment, and perhaps ruining it, we send it to the dry-cleaner, when all the time it would have washed successfully.

**5/- to Miss R. Robens, 11 May Terrace, Brooklyn Park, S.A.**

## Stiffen them up

IT has been a boon to busy housewives to have collars for men's shirts processed so that no starch is needed.

Why not give us the same thing in baby boys' sou'-westers?

It would save more precious minutes.

**5/- to Mrs. J. J. McGrave, 22 Duke Ave., Fivedock, N.S.W.**

## Nice type or otherwise?

MANY people condemn girls who smoke. They often make the comment, "She is a nice girl, but she smokes."

Does smoking prevent a girl from being a nice type? If so, why?

Smoking is no more a habit than sucking peppermints, chewing gum, or eating almonds, and no one is condemned for indulging in these in moderation.

So why disapprove of the girl who has an occasional cigarette?

**5/- to Miss Jane Thomas, 54 Gurr St., East Geelong, Vic.**

## Give housewives a break

THE Government should hasten the delivery of goods from shops by giving priority to shopkeepers to get vehicles, tyres, and petrol.

This would help the housewives who have fought their war by providing for their families on the home front throughout six long weary years of struggling with string-bags and heavy cases.

Middle-aged and old women have had to carry weights such as they have never carried before.

Just as servicemen and servicewomen are tired of war, so are we, the Australian housewives, tired of the restrictions brought about by the war.

**5/- to Mrs. J. H. Robinson, New South Head Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.**

## Needless discomfort

WHY is it that so many Australian women still do not dress suitably for the climate?

We talk about the men wearing clothes that are too hot for them in the summer, but to see some women walking round town makes one wonder if we are really any more sensible than the mere male.

Fashion trends are dictated by overseas countries whose climates are entirely different from ours.

However, we still see women tightly corseted, wearing heavy silk dresses, absurd hats with veiling tightly across their faces, and hot-

looking black suede shoes when the temperature is anywhere between 80 and 100 degrees.

**5/- to Mrs. W. McDonald, North Terrace, Adelaide.**

## Courtesy as an exam.

I HAVE often wondered why the school curriculum does not provide courtesy as a separate subject for study.

It should be made as important as English, history, and geography.

I think it should be given priority over all other subjects, and the examination in it should be practical as well as theoretical.

**5/- to Mrs. H. M. Walker, 54 Herbert St., Rockdale, N.S.W.**

# One Year Later

Continued from page 25

THERE was a momentary silence at the other end of the line, and then a laugh. "So that's it. Yes, Iris, I was a bit in love with Rosemary. She was very lovely you know. And then one day I was talking to her and I saw you coming down the staircase, and in a minute it was all over, blown away. There was nobody but you in the world. That's the cold, sober truth. Don't brood over a thing like that. Take my word that you can forget it."

"Thank you, Anthony. I'm glad."

"See you to-night. It's your birthday, isn't it?"

"Actually not for a week. It's my birthday party, though."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic about it."

"I'm not."

"I suppose George knows what he's doing, but it seems to me a crazy idea to have it at the same place where——"

"Oh, I've been to the Luxembourg several times since—since Rosemary —— I mean. One can't avoid it."

"No, and it's just as well. I've got a birthday present for you, Iris. I hope you'll like it. Au revoir." He rang off.

Iris went back to Lucilla Drake to argue, persuade, and reassure.

. . . . . .

George, on his arrival at the office, sent at once for Ruth Lessing. His worried frown relaxed a little as she entered, calm and smiling, in her neat black coat and skirt.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, Ruth. Trouble again. Look at this."

She took the cable he held out. "Victor Drake again!"

"Yes, curse him."

She was silent a minute, holding the cable. A lean, brown face wrinkling up round the nose when he laughed. A mocking voice saying, "the sort of girl who ought to marry the boss." How vividly it all came back. She thought, "It might have been yesterday."

George's voice recalled her. "Wasn't it about a year ago that we shipped him out there?"

She reflected. "I think so, yes. Actually, I believe it was late October."

"What an amazing girl you are! What a memory!"

She thought to herself that she had a better reason for remembering than he knew. It was from from his influence that she had listened to Rosemary's careless voice over the phone and decided that she hated her employer's wife.

"I suppose we're lucky," said George, "that he's lasted as long as he has out there. Even if it did cost me a hundred pounds last time."

"Three hundred pounds now seems a lot."

"Oh, yes. He won't get as much as that. We'll have to make the usual investigations."

"I'd better communicate with Mr. Ogilvie."

Alexander Ogilvie was their agent in Rio de Janeiro—a sober, hard-headed Scotsman.

"Yes. Cable at once. His mother is in a state, as usual. Practically hysterical. Makes it very difficult with the party to-night."

"Would you like me to stay with her?"

"No." He negatived the idea emphatically. "No, indeed. You're the one person who's got to be there. I need you, Ruth." He took her hand. "You're too unselfish."

"I'm not unselfish at all." She smiled and suggested, "Would it be worth trying telephonic communication with Mr. Ogilvie? We might get the whole thing cleared up by to-night."

"A good idea. Well worth the expense."

"I'll get busy at once." Very gently she disengaged her hand from his and went out.

George dealt with various matters awaiting his attention. At half-past twelve he went out and took a taxi to the Luxembourg.

Charles, the popular head-waiter, came toward him, bending his stately head and smiling in welcome.

"Good morning, Mr. Barton."

"Good morning, Charles. Everything all right for to-night?"

"I think you will be satisfied, sir."

"The same table?"

"The middle one in the alcove. That is right, is it not?"

"Yes, and you understand about the extra place?"

"It is all arranged."

"And you've got the—the rosemary?"

"Yes, Mr. Barton. I am afraid it won't be very decorative. You wouldn't like some red berries incorporated or, say, a few chrysanthemums?"

"No, no, only the rosemary."

"Very good, sir. You would like to see the menu . . . Giuseppe!"

With a flick of the thumb, Charles produced a smiling little middle-aged Italian.

"The menu for Mr. Barton."

It was produced. Oysters, clear soup, sole Luxembourg, grouse, poires Helene, chicken livers in bacon.

George cast an indifferent eye over it. "Yes, yes. Quite all right." He handed it back.

Charles accompanied him to the door. Sinking his voice a little, he murmured, "May I just mention how appreciative we are, Mr. Barton, that you are—er—coming back to us?"

A smile—rather a ghastly smile—showed on George's face. He said, "We've got to forget the past. Can't dwell on the past. All that is over and done with."

"Very true, Mr. Barton. You know how shocked and grieved we were at the time. I'm sure I hope the mademoiselle will have a very happy birthday party and that everything will be as you like it."

Gracefully bowing, Charles withdrew and darted like an angry dragonfly on some very inferior grade of waiter who was doing the wrong thing at a table near the window.

George went out with a wry smile on his lips. He was not an imaginative enough man to feel a pang of sympathy for the Luxembourg. It was not, after all, the fault of the Luxembourg that Rosemary had decided to commit suicide there, or that someone had decided to murder her there. It had been decidedly hard on the Luxembourg. But like most people with an idea, George thought only of that idea.

He lunched at his club and went afterward to a director's meeting. On his way back to the office he put through a phone call from a public call box.

He came out with a sigh of relief. Everything was set according to schedule. He went back to the office.

Ruth came to him at once. "About Victor Drake."

"Yes?"

"I'm afraid it's rather a bad business. A possibility of criminal prosecution. He's been helping himself to the firm's money over a considerable period."

"Did Ogilvie say so?"

"Yes. I got through to him this morning and he got a call through to us this afternoon, ten minutes ago. He says Victor was quite brazen about the whole thing."

"He would be!"

"But he insists that they won't prosecute if the money is refunded. Mr. Ogilvie saw the senior partner, and that seems to be correct. The actual sum in question is one hundred and sixty-five pounds."

"So that Master Victor was hoping to pocket a clear hundred and thirty-five on the transaction?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, we've scotched that, at any rate," said George with grim satisfaction.

"I told Mr. Ogilvie to go ahead and settle the business. Was that right?"

"Personally, I should be delighted to see that young crook go to prison, but one has to think of his mother. A fool, but a dear soul. So Master Victor scores, as usual."

"How good you are," said Ruth.

"Me?"

"I think you're the best man in the world."

He was touched. He felt pleased and embarrassed at the same time. On an impulse, he picked up her hand and kissed it. "Dearest Ruth. My dearest and best of friends. What would I have done without you?"

They stood very close together.

She thought, I could have been happy with him. I could have made him happy. If only——

He thought, shall I take Race's advice? Shall I give it all up? Wouldn't that really be the best thing? Indecision hovered over him and passed. He said: "Nine-thirty at the Luxembourg."

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# Film Reviews

★★ BRAZIL

WELL above average in settings and plot, this musical from Republic deserves credit. With its Latin-American background, and Brazilian Tito Guizar starring opposite lovely blonde Virginia Bruce, the film holds interest throughout. Miss Bruce is an American author who visits Brazil in search of copy, but has to disguise the fact that she also wrote a book entitled, "Why Marry a Latin?" which has caused considerable annoyance to the natives of Brazil.

Guizar is a song-writer who falls in love with her. He should increase his popularity with film audiences by his fine singing, especially in the title number. Among the many excellent dance scenes, most notable is one featuring Yolande and Veroz. Cowboy star Roy Rogers makes a brief appearance as a film star visiting Rio.—Victory; showing.

★ JOHNNY ANGEL

TOUGH guy George Raft glowers his way through this slow, dull yarn about a mystery ship. RKO certainly hasn't made the most of the talent of Raft, nor of Claire Trevor and Signe Hasso as the two women concerned. Raft is a sea captain who solves the mystery of his father's ship, which is found drifting in the Gulf of Mexico with no one aboard.

Miss Trevor is the wife of Raft's boss, and Miss Hasso is a French stowaway who witnessed the strange goings-on on the ship. Best performance really comes from pianist Hoagy Carmichael as a taxi-driver with a flair for whimsy, but the whole thing is a dreary affair.—Empire; showing.

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**TALL English actor Rex Harrison is in Hollywood playing King of Siam in the Fox film, "Anna and the King of Siam."**

Rex said: "When I read the Siam script I was horrified to learn that I would have a thousand wives, but now the production office has cut the number down to three hundred for film purposes. Linda Darnell is one wife, but I have not seen the other two hundred and ninety-nine which the casting office is busy signing up for me."

In private life the humorous-faced British actor, who is well-known in English films, is happily married to actress Lilli Palmer.

LUCILLE BALL dislikes hobble skirts with a reason. The red-headed star had a nasty fall from a platform when she had to climb some stairs in tight skirts for Fox's costume picture "Dark Corner." Cuts and bruises swelling her leg forced Lucille to have the doctor's attendance and ice packs for one hour before she could start for home.

* * *

PIONEER producers Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith told me they are enthusiastic over Aldous Huxley's book "Brave New World," which they are adapting for films with Huxley as technical adviser.

By public demand . . . back once again as a Sunday evening feature programme . . . Good news for the whole family.

2GB


# New role for Margaret O'Brien as story teller

*By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood*

**I caught tiny Margaret O'Brien just leaving Metro to record a series of children's stories which will be on the market soon under title of "Margaret O'Brien Stories for Children from Six to Sixty."**

MARGARET, who was wearing a Scotch kilt skirt with her hair smoothly plaited, is still round-eyed with wonder about her recent location trip filming scenes with Wallace Beery in Metro's "Bad Bascombe."

Her first adventures with the wide open spaces of Wyoming included seeing her first Indian; getting embroiled with a team of oxen; catching her first fish; eating 100 pounds of watermelon; and being the seven-millionth visitor to Yellowstone National Park, with a fancy badge to prove it.

Margaret said: "I was disappointed in the Red Indian. Mr. Beery told me he would come galloping up on a pinto pony, with feathers in his hair and warpaint on his face. Mr. Beery told me to say 'Ugh!' when the Indian spoke to me, and I was very excited. The Indian was supposed to play a part in our picture. I couldn't eat my lunch because I was so busy looking for the Indian. You know what? He was just like everybody else. He drove a big red car, and he was wearing a suit just like Mr. Beery's. He didn't have a single feather, and he said, 'How do you do, Miss O'Brien.' I was so disappointed."

Her face brightened again when she described how, with Beery's help, she landed a ten-pound fish after her own sixty pounds weight proved inadequate. And how a kind farmer, after finding out about her overwhelming enthusiasm for watermelons, sent her one for her lunch daily.

Margaret's mother told me that her daughter's adventures in Wyoming kept her constantly on the jump. Margaret scorned the delicate dresses which formerly were her delight, and insisted on wearing blue jeans and a loud-checked shirt.

**Mrs. O'Brien almost got white hair one day while watching a bolting team of oxen heading straight for Margaret's tent. The quick thinking of young leading man Marshall Thompson saved Margaret from danger.**

**Thompson rode furiously toward the oxen, and succeeded in veering them from Margaret's path. They crashed into the arc lights. The lights are replaceable, but Metro's million-dollar property, Margaret O'Brien, cannot be replaced.**

The next film for the tiny star is "Three Wise Fools." The eight-year-old dramatic actress teams with Lionel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, and Lewis Stone.

**As Margaret waved good-bye to me she said: "I liked working with Jackie Jenkins in 'Our Vines Have Tender Grapes,' and Mr. Beery is a very old friend of mine, but do you suppose they will let me make a movie with Roddy McDowall? He's my favorite star."**

# One Year Later

Continued from page 27

THEY had all come. George breathed a sigh of relief. Up to the last moment he had feared some last-minute defection, but they were all here. Stephen Farraday, tall and stiff, a little pompous in manner. Sandra Farraday in a severe black velvet gown, wearing emeralds round her neck. Ruth was also in black, with no ornament save one jewelled clip. His eyes met hers, and, as though she saw the anxiety in his, she smiled assurance. His heart lifted. Loyal Ruth.

Beside him Iris was unusually silent. She alone showed consciousness of this being an unusual party. She was pale, but in some way it suited her, gave her a grave, steadfast beauty. She wore a straight simple frock of leaf-green. Anthony Browne came last, and to George's mind he came with the quick, stealthy step of a wild creature—a panther, perhaps, or a leopard. The fellow wasn't really quite civilised. They were all there—all safe in George's trap. Now the play would begin.

Cocktails were drained. They got up and passed through the open arch into the restaurant proper. Dancing couples, soft negro music, deft, hurrying waiters. Charles came forward and smilingly piloted them to their table. It was at the far end of the room, a shallow, arched alcove which held three tables—a big one in the middle, and two small ones for two people either side of it.

A middle-aged, sallow foreigner and a decorative blonde were at one, a slip of a boy and a girl at the other. The middle table was reserved for the Barton party.

George genially assigned them to their places. "Sandra, will you sit here, on my right? . . . Browne next to her . . . Iris, my dear, it's your party. I must have you here next to me, and you beyond her, Farraday . . . Then you, Ruth——"

He paused. Between Ruth and Anthony was a vacant chair—the table had been laid for seven.

"My friend Race may be a bit late. He said we weren't to wait for him. He'll be along some time. I'd like you all to know him. He's a splendid fellow, knocked about all over the world and can tell you some good yarns."

Iris was conscious of a feeling of anger as she seated herself. George had done it on purpose—separated her from Anthony. Ruth ought to have been sitting where she was, next to her host. So George still disliked and mistrusted Anthony. She stole a glance across the table. Anthony was frowning. He did not look across at her. Once he directed a sharp sideways glance at the empty chair beside him.

He said, "Glad you've got another man, Barton. There's just a chance I may have to go off early. Quite unavoidable. But I ran into a man here I know."

George said smilingly, "Running business into pleasure hours? You're too young for that, Browne. Not that I've ever known exactly what your business is."

By chance there was a lull in the conversation. Anthony's reply came deliberately and coolly, "Organised crime, Barton. That's what I always say when I'm asked. Robberies arranged. Larcenies a feature. Families waited upon at their private addresses."

He laughed lightly and turned to address a remark to Sandra.

The waiter took away the oyster plates. Stephen asked Iris if she would like to dance. Soon they were all dancing. The atmosphere lightened.

Presently Iris' turn came to dance with Anthony. She said, "Mean of George not to let us sit together."

"Kind of him. This way I can look at you all the time across the table."

"You won't really have to go early?"

"I might." Presently he said, "Did you know Colonel Race was coming?"

"No, I hadn't the least idea."

"Rather odd, that."

"Do you know him? Oh, yes, you said so the other day." She added, "What sort of a man is he?"

"Nobody quite knows."

They went back to the table. The evening wore on. Slowly the tension, which had relaxed, seemed to close again. There was an atmosphere of taut nerves about the table. Only the host seemed genial and unconcerned. Iris saw him glance at his watch.

Suddenly there was a roll of drums; the lights went down. A stage rose in the room. Chairs were pushed a little back, turned sideways. Three men and three girls took the floor, dancing. They were followed by a man who could make noises—trains, steam-rollers, aeroplanes, sewing-machines, cows mooing. He was a success. Lenny and Flo followed in an exhibition dance which was more of a trapeze act than a dance.

More applause. Then another ensemble by the Luxembourg Six. The lights went up. Everyone blinked.

At the same time a wave of sudden freedom from restraint seemed to pass over the party at the table. It was as though they had been subconsciously expecting something that had failed to happen. For, on an earlier occasion, the going up of the lights had coincided with the discovery of a dead body lying across the table. It was as though now the past was definitely past, vanished into oblivion. The shadow of a bygone tragedy had lifted.

Sandra turned to Anthony in an animated way. Stephen made an observation to Iris, and Ruth leaned forward to join in.

Only George sat in his chair staring—staring, his eyes fixed on the empty chair opposite him.

A nudge from Iris recalled him. "Wake up, George. Come and dance. You haven't danced with me yet."

He roused himself. Smiling at her he lifted his glass. "We'll drink a toast first—to the young lady whose birthday we're celebrating. Iris Marie, may her shadow never grow less!"

They drank it, laughing. Then they all got up to dance—George and Iris, Stephen and Ruth, Anthony and Sandra. It was a gay, catchy melody. They all came back together, laughing and talking. They sat down.

Then suddenly George leaned forward.

"I've something I want to ask you all. A year ago, more or less, we were here before on an evening that ended tragically. I don't want to recall past sadness, but it's just that I don't want to feel that Rosemary is completely forgotten. I'll ask you to drink to her memory, for remembrance's sake."

He raised his glass. The others obediently raised theirs. Their faces were polite masks.

George said, "To Rosemary, for remembrance."

The glasses were raised to their lips. They drank. There was a pause. Then George swayed forward and slumped down in his chair, his hands rising frenziedly to his neck, his face turning purple as he fought for breath. It took him a minute and a half to die.

To be continued

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

## Movie World

● *DON DE FORE, tall, brown-haired actor from Iowa, left the Iowa University to study dramatic art in Hollywood. After three years he played on the New York stage and returned to Hollywood, where film appearances brought him immediate notice. Married to singer Marion Holmes, he has a year-old daughter, Penny Lu. Don's newest film for Paramount is "You Came Along," in which he co-stars with exotic blonde Lizabeth Scott and Robert Cummings in a romantic drama.*

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1 **TEACHER** Miss Moffatt (Davis) comes to Wales, where she starts a new school for illiterate miners.

2 **THOUGH SHE IS OPPOSED** by many of the local people, Miss Moffatt uses her own home as a school helped by Miss Ronberry (Dunnock). She finds a brilliant young student in miner Morgan Evans (Dall).

3 **AS TIME PASSES** Miss Moffatt finds that Morgan is a genius and she wants him to apply for an Oxford scholarship, which she is certain he could win.

5 **AFRAID OF BESSIE'S INFLUENCE** over Morgan, Miss Moffatt bribes her to leave the town. Morgan wins the scholarship, but hears that Bessie has a baby and feels he should return to the mines to support her.

4 **UNABLE** to understand her impersonal interest, Morgan rebels and turns for romance to scheming Bessie Watty (Lorring).

6 **ONCE AGAIN** Miss Moffatt bribes worthless Bessie and adopts her child so that Morgan can accept his Oxford opportunity.

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# The Shy Sergeant

Continued from page 5

By the time they had walked for half an hour, they could speak of Bert Allsten without any clogging of the throat, almost as if he were with them. So Tex told Cinny of that last week, when the silent, fast-moving man, old for the Air Force, sought him out. "Tex, if something happens to me and not to you, I want you to go and see Cinny. Don't let her cry. Tell her I went out right, things being what they are." And then Bert's smile had widened. "While you're at it, try to get a dance with Cinny. It will be a thing to tell your grandchildren about."

Tex's tone was such that Cinny said, "I can see you thought as much of him as I did. I'll tell you—we'll dance to-night. To Bert." And she turned them round and headed them back uptown.

As soon as she had dressed, they went to a famous little place where the manager stared in surprise that anyone of Cinny's fame should arrive that early in an evening. But he beamed at her. He was very glad to see her; the more like her he could get at any hour the better he would like it. The orchestra had just arrived, small but excellent, and Tex and Cinny danced.

The musicians could have told you how beautiful it was to see them. Soon they were playing really for just those two, and after a while the other dancers had left the floor to sit watching them, and then, of course, Tex had to stiffen and urge Cinny back to their table with dull red showing in his neck. As a centre of attraction, he mumbled, he was no good.

Cinny said, "All right. There's a place in Brooklyn that Bert and I practically grew up in. You can cut loose there all you please and no one bothers."

Tex tapped, "Let's go," and she tapped, "Okay," as Bert had taught them both to do. And it was as if three of them went out, though the cab driver saw only two get into his cab.

With her shoulder light against his, Cinny commented on this. "I feel so funny. I can almost feel Bert here with us now."

"Who can say he's not?" Tex replied slowly. Then, "It's odd. He talked so much of you, after we got close, that I feel as if I'd known you from the age of twelve. But there's one thing I can't figure out, and I don't think Bert could, either. I think it bothered him."

"What's that?" asked Cinny.

"Why you haven't made any more dancing pictures in the last two years."

Cinny was silent for a while, eyes wide and unhappy. She said, finally, "The reason is, I can't. I lost something when Bert went away. At the same time, I found out something, I found that really, alone, I'm a second-rater. With Bert Allsten I danced like you just said, better than I knew how to. I was lifted up by him. I got some of his spark. That went out when Bert left."

"Why, you're—— You don't know what you're talking about," snorted Tex. "Everybody knows you're tops. All anyone has to do is watch you. Didn't you notice the musicians back there? They were eating you up. And they're in the business; they should know."

"And I suppose you didn't figure?" Cinny retorted. "If there was anything there, it was for both of us. Maybe for a minute together we did show a little of the Allsten spark——"

She stopped abruptly. The cab stopped, too, and they got out at the Brooklyn place.

The proprietor approached, a fat man who moved like eider down in a breeze. His face almost split in two as he saw Cinny. He took both her hands. "This is the best thing that's happened in years. Since the last time you were here. What do you hear from Bert? When is he coming back?"

Tex said gruffly, "Bert won't be coming back."

"No!" The fat man's shoulders dropped. Then his big arm went round Cinny for an instant, feather-light. "He liked my son. My Louis. Remember? And Louis isn't coming back either. They'll be company for each other."

He gave them the very best table in the house, and when Cinny said she had to make a phone call, the fat man personally escorted her and put the money in.

The place was crowded, and by those who knew just where to go. For years it had been a rendezvous for people famous in the theatrical and film world. The customers knew this and came prepared, but to-night they were to have something extra.

The boys were playing a rhumba, nice, but easy, loafing for a time until the spirit moved them. And Tex looked at Cinny with lifted brows and tapped, "Rhumba, Cinny?" And she tapped back, "With pleasure, Tex."

They played it straight for a while. It was enough for Tex to have her next to him, her hand on his arm. His eyes told how thoroughly this was enough, speaking for his diffident tongue; and her eyes smiled back, and with that their feet began experimenting.

Not much at first; just a few variations between beats, with Tex seeing if he could coin an eccentric that would catch Cinny by surprise, and chuckling when he couldn't.

Now the boys in the orchestra had begun to take note. They looked delightedly at one another and the music became a little different.

Then Cinny and Tex began to do the rhumba in all the ways it could possibly be done and in several it couldn't. By the time the number — shamelessly prolonged by the musicians—was over, the crowd was beginning to stare speculatively at the sergeant with Cinny Ross.

For once, Tex did not notice the glances. He was too busy soaking up the presence of the girl his closest friend had talked so much about, and with whom he had so longed to dance. "I wish I could dance like Bert for you, just for an hour," he said.

"You're good enough for me, Tex." The color in Cinny's face was as rich as if it had been out in the cold.

The lights were fading, but Tex didn't notice. For the floor show, no doubt. He said, low in the darkness, "I feel as if I'd danced with you all my life."

The spotlight came on, and Tex sat abruptly upright and jerked his hand away from Cinny's. "Hey! What's this?" The spot shone squarely on their table.

The proprietor's voice sounded: "Friends, we have glittering company with us to-night. Miss Cinny Ross in person and——"

"Scram!" Tex whispered tensely. "Beat it, quick! That chump's going to try to get us out on the floor!"

He rose to flee, but Cinny's hand had his, and she held on. "Tex! Why not? Let's!"

"Do what?" croaked Tex. "We have no routine or anything to——"

"We can do what you said. 'Dance with each other all our lives.'" Cinny's eyes were shiny with it. "We'll make it up as we go along. Don't you see? First we're about five, playing dancing games. Then we go to dancing school—stiff, too polite, muffing a step once in a while. Then——"

"I told you I was no good in a spotlight. I told you I froze up."

"Bert won't let you, darling," Cinny said softly. "And if you do, who cares? It's just fun, Tex. Fun!"

Tex, among his other chaotic fears, had wondered naturally about the orchestra. He needn't have. They were telepathic, too, about this time of night. When Cinny smiled and put her finger to her mouth, and solemnly danced up to Tex with small-girl steps, the pianist took one look and began "London Bridge is Falling Down" with his index finger, souring the last note for a laugh.

Please turn to page 40

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# Play space at minimum cost

● The provision of suitable play space for the children is one of the most urgent problems for home-builders and yet is frequently overlooked by designers. One of Australia's foremost architects makes some sound suggestions.

By ROBERT COXHEAD

THREE main things to remember when planning play space for children are adequate supervision, plenty of sun and fresh air in fine weather, and protection on wet, cold, or windy days.

With building costs considerably above pre-war level, few people can afford an extra room, so it is necessary to find other ways of solving the problem.

One way play space may be provided at a minimum cost is by planning the kitchen so that it is divided into two distinct areas, one for food storage, cooking, and washing-up, and the other for eating and as a playground.

The meal and play area can be planned as a sunny bay in which the housewife can do her sewing, knitting, and reading and at the same time keep a watchful eye on the children.

Since the facilities for food preparation are only just round the corner, supervision is practically continuous.

This arrangement is invaluable when children are at the playground stage, or have reached the mischievous age.

The play area can be cut off from the cooking area by a low gate to keep toddlers from wandering.

Toys can be stored in wall cupboards or in hinged box-seats alongside the table.

This scheme provides play space comparatively cheaply because the actual kitchen area is cut down by compact planning.

Even with the meal and play area added it requires little more space than the traditional kitchen, in which space is often wasted.

Another possibility is making use of the passage, which in so many houses is just waste space.

There is no need for a passage to be simply a means of getting from one room to another.

By giving it a little more width and planning it so that it is well lighted and has a sunny aspect, it can give the children the space they need.

If placed well, it need not lack the all-important supervision.

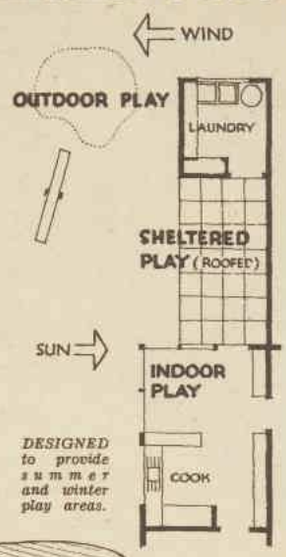
Another potentially good playing area can be found in the verandah; but verandahs are not what they used to be.

In recent years they have grown smaller and smaller, until they have been almost replaced by the negligible back porch.

To include a verandah in a new building, or add it to an old, will entail relatively little cost.

If it is carefully placed to receive good supervision and a fair measure of sun, it can be ultimately developed into excellent play space.

Its virtue lies in the fact that it can start, at a low cost, as an open-air shelter. This can be changed, when the family grows, into an attractive room enclosed by sliding glazed windows.

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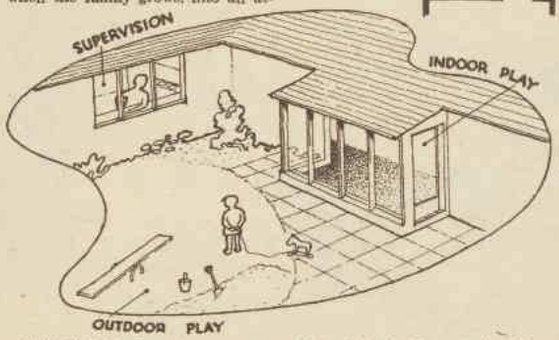



*THIS PLAN allows for easy supervision of both indoor and outdoor play areas.*

But beware of placing a glazed verandah where it cuts off light and ventilation from other rooms.

It is impossible to emphasise too strongly the need for suitable playing space for the children.

When mother is constantly keyed-up with the fear that Junior is scratching the best chairs or breaking the knobs off the radio, and Junior is being constantly scolded and frustrated at every turn, the effect is bad for both mother and child.

It is not merely a matter of keeping the children out of the way. It is a matter of providing facilities for their correct development, mental as well as physical.

Undoubtedly the ideal solution is a nursery.

It should be a large, bright room with plenty of sun and air, with cupboards for toys and small-size tables and chairs for the youngsters.

But an extra room costs more than many families can afford.

A sunroom makes a good play space, and has the additional advantage that it can be used by all members of the family. Unfortunately it has the same drawback as the nursery — it involves the expense of an extra room.

## Vital need

AND so the suggestions I have made are well worth considering, as being economical and at the same time providing what mothers and children need so badly.

You will notice that in every case emphasis has been laid on getting sun into the play area.

That is because indoor play areas are used chiefly in winter, and on days when the weather is too unpleasant for children to play out of doors. At such times it is necessary to take advantage of every bit of sunshine.

In a country like Australia, local climatic conditions vary greatly, and there are places and times when it is the hot summer sun and not the cold winter wind which drives the children indoors.

Every home must be planned to suit local conditions.

Talking of sun and wind raises one more matter—outdoor play.

Australians are an outdoor people, and most of us prefer our children playing outside rather than in.

We can encourage outdoor play by setting apart an area, if only a small one, for their exclusive use, and equipping it as well as we can.

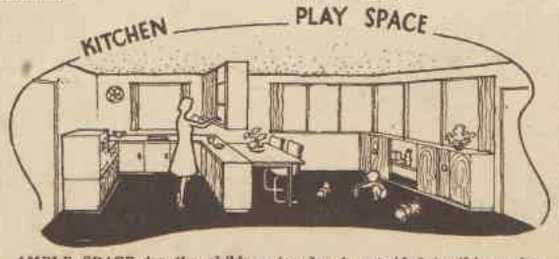
A little expenditure on things such as sand pits for toddlers, swings and see-saws for older ones, will do much to keep the children contented within the home boundaries.

Another point worthy of consideration is that kiddies can stay outdoors longer and more often if their play space is sheltered from unpleasant winds by a hedge or garden wall, or if they have a small, roofed-in shelter for protection from hot sun or occasional showers.

Once again don't forget the mother will be happier and the children safer if the play area is under observation from the house.

To-day when so many of us are busy planning our future homes let us remember that the way they are designed will affect not only ourselves but also our children for many years to come.

*THIS MOTHER is lucky in having an outdoor play area where her children remain under her supervision while she goes on with necessary household jobs.*




*AMPLE SPACE for the children to play is provided in this modern kitchen.*


# She found love

"My dear, I'm a woman with a past."
"A past? O, exciting."
"Oh," laughed Henrietta. "Not THAT kind of past. You spoke of my Youth. Well, I'm 37. That's a shock."
"Shock. I'm completely prostrated."
"Well, don't be. That's the past. Creme Charmosan gave me the clear, young, and lovely skin you see. That's the present.
"The future is—I'm marrying Kenneth. Now—so what?" The sweet witchery of a clear, young skin. That's a pleasant thing to contemplate.
All men love a pretty skin . . . AND THEY FALL IN LOVE WITH IT. Why not give yourself the chance to romance . . . to love . . . to be happy; to thrill to the witchery of a young and pretty skin.
Creme Charmosan is the perfect powder base. Big jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere.



# Shampoo with Amami for a clean healthy scalp

A regular Amami Shampoo will keep your hair healthy and attractive, your scalp scrupulously clean. Whatever you do—remember your Amami Shampoo.

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She's a darling—
Mother's running late
but Jenny knows you
get a quick shine
with NUGGET . . . . .
she has seen mother
clean her shoes
many a time . . .

# 'NUGGET'

**SHOE POLISH**

**FOR 50 YEARS—A GOOD POLISH**

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# Smart Little Sailor in String . . .

• You'll welcome these simple-to-follow directions at a time when hats have reached ceiling price, and to follow them all you need is a ball of string, a crochet hook, and two yards of ribbon.

THIS attractive string hat is all you need to complete your summer wardrobe.

You'll love wearing it with your fresh, crisp linens, your little silk prints and even later in the year with your tailored suits.

And what is most important is the fact that it is so easy to make.

**Materials:** 1 8oz. ball of medium white string, 1 No. 9 Stratnoid crochet hook, 2yds. white grosgrain ribbon, 1in. wide, small piece of elastic.

**Measurements:** To fit an average head.

**Tension:** About 5 d.c. to 1in. in width; and about 5 rows to 1in. in depth.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sl.-sts., slip-stitches; rep., repeat; ins., inches.

**CROWN**

For the top, work 2 ch., then work 6 d.c. into the first of these 2 ch. and join with a sl.-st. into a ring.

**2nd Round:** 2 d.c. into each d.c.

**3rd Round:** * 2 d.c. into first d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * to end of round.

(The designer attached a small safety-pin, so she would know where the round ended.)

**4th Round:** * 2 d.c. in first d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., rep. from * to end.

**5th Round:** * 2 d.c. in 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c.; rep. from * to end.

**6th Round:** * 2 d.c. in 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 4 d.c.

**7th Round:** As 4th.

**8th Round:** * 2 d.c. in 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 7 d.c.; rep. from * to end.

**9th Round:** * 2 d.c. in 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 8 d.c., rep. from * to end.

**10th Round:** * 2 d.c. in 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 9 d.c.; rep. from * to end.

**11th Round:** * 2 d.c. in 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 10 d.c., rep. from * to end.

**12th Round:** 1 d.c. in each d.c. all round.

**13th Round:** As 12th. Fasten off.

For the band of crown, work 80 loose ch. and join into a ring with a sl-st. Now work in rounds of d.c. until 9 rounds have been worked. Fasten off.

**BRIM**

Work 80 loose ch. and join into a ring with a sl.-st.

**1st Round:** Work 1 d.c. in each ch. to end of round.

**2nd Round:** 1 d.c. in each d.c.

**3rd Round:** * 1 d.c. in each of 1st 4 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end.

**4th Round:** 1 d.c. in each d.c.

**5th Round:** * 1 d.c. in each of 1st 7 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end.

**6th Round.** As 4th.

**7th Round:** As 4th.

**8th Round:** * 1 d.c. in each of 1st 8 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end.

**9th Round:** As 4th.

**10th Round:** As 4th. Now turn with 1 ch. and work 1 round of sl.-sts. Fasten off.

**TO MAKE UP**

Press the three pieces on the wrong side with a warm iron and a damp cloth. Join band to top of crown on right side (with string), concealing the stitches as much as possible.

Join brim to band.

Cut off sufficient grosgrain to make hatband. Make a flat bow, and attach band and bow to hat.

Measure required length of grosgrain for bandeau and attach small piece of elastic to one end to form a loop. Stitch bandeau to each side of hat, sewing ends well to front to give firmer grip.

*HERE'S A SMART VERSION of the Breton sailor hat that is ideal worn with either suits or frocks. You'll love its perfect simplicity of line.*

## DON'T SPOIL A SICK CHILD

By Sister MARY JACOB
Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE most unkind thing parents can do to their children is to spoil them.

However, if a child is ill, or suffers some severe disability, or is delicate, the tendency of one or both parents is to spoil him and to make any other children in the home give in to him.

Thus a delicate child, or one recovering from an illness, can become the focus for the whole household with everyone waiting on him.

Once this tradition is established the child will want to live up to it even when the period of ill-health has been passed, and will then become unpopular and be blamed for his selfishness and exacting demands.

A leaflet dealing with some of the social effects of ill-health on little children can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send stamped, addressed envelope.

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TO MEMBERS OF THE SERVICES

The newspapers repeatedly draw attention to losses by servicemen who are persuaded to invest their savings in business propositions the real worth of which they are unable to assess through lack of adequate knowledge or experience.

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If, therefore, any service man or woman feels that it would be helpful to discuss an investment proposal with one of this Bank's managers, his services may be freely availed of without cost or obligation of any kind.

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Along came Miss Muffet
And brightened them all the day—

# MISS MUFFET

## JUNKET CRYSTALS

ANOTHER PARSONS' QUALITY PRODUCT

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● Food and drink are primary things. Ergo, life is a better thing if they are interesting things . . . stimulating to the palate as well as to the protoplasm. Here's a page to your radiant good health.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

*Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly*

HERE are fruit drinks that may be bottled for the less fruitful months. Here are frosty concoctions that will cool and refresh the most vigorous sportsman or tired worker.

Here are drinks to give a party air to any gathering.

### GRAPE JUICE

Wash sound, ripe grapes. Cover with water and slowly bring to simmering point, but do not boil. Cook slowly until the fruit is soft, and then strain through a jelly bag. Add ½ cup sugar to each quart of juice. Pour into sterilised, hot, dry jars to one inch from top. Put on fresh rubber ring and screw down top. Turn back top slightly. Process, covered in boiling water, simmering (180deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Or process in oven (250deg. F.) for 68 minutes. Tighten and test seal. Store in cool, dark place. When using, chill and dilute to taste with water, soda water, orange and lemon juice, or apple water.

### APRICOT NECTAR

Select sound, ripe apricots. Wash, cut up roughly, and add 1 pint water to each 1lb. fruit. Heat fruit, stones, and water very slowly to simmering point. Simmer 5 minutes and strain through a jelly bag. Add 1lb. sugar to every 1 pint of apricot juice (¾lb. sugar and ¼lb. honey may be used). Stir until sugar is dissolved, and then pour into sterilised, dry, hot jars. Adjust rubber rings and screw top. Process in simmering water (180deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Or process in oven (250deg. F.) for 68 minutes. Tighten seal, and store in cool, dark place. When using, chill and dilute to taste.

### ICED TEA

**With Lemon Ice Cubes**

**Freshly brewed tea, lemon juice diluted with water and sweetened.**

Freeze the diluted and sweetened lemon juice in ice-cube trays of refrigerator. Infuse the tea for 3 minutes and strain. Chill quickly in a covered container to retain flavor. Serve in long glasses with lemon ice-cubes. A sprig of mint may be added or a mint leaf frozen in each cube.

### ICED CHOCOLATE MINT

**Two ounces dark chocolate, 1 cup boiling water, 3 cups milk, 1 teaspoon peppermint essence, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons ice-cream.**

Melt the chocolate in the boiling water, in a container standing in a pan of boiling water. Add milk and sugar, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Chill, add essence. Serve in long glasses topped with ice-cream. May be garnished with mint and cherries. For 4 to 6 glasses.

### SPICED ORANGE TEA

**Half cup sugar (honey may be substituted for half), ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups boiling water, 2 dessertspoons tea, ½ cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 2 cups cold water.**

Mix sugar, spices and hot water. Boil 1 minute, pour over tea leaves, cover and infuse 3 minutes. Strain through a hair sieve or muslin. Add fruit juices and cold water. Chill. Serve very cold in long glasses. May be garnished with wafer-thin slices of orange. For 4 to 6 glasses.

### ICED MOCHA PUNCH

**One pint black coffee, ½ pint cocoa (strong and made with milk), 4 tablespoons ice-cream, few drops almond essence.**

Combine coffee and cocoa and chill. Whisk with half the ice-cream. Serve in long glasses and top with remaining ice-cream whisked and flavored with almond essence. For 4 glasses.

### CHERRY SLING

**Eight ounces ripe, sweet cherries, 2oz. sugar or 1 tablespoon honey, 6 crushed cherry stones, 1 pint boiling water, 1 tablespoon brandy (if liked).**

Crush cherries and place in container with sugar, stones, and boiling water. Cover and stand 5 or 6 hours. Strain. Add brandy if liked. Serve iced.

### FRUIT JUICE NOG

**Three tablespoons orange juice, ½ cup grape juice (or other fruit juice), 2 teaspoons sugar or honey, 1 egg, pinch salt.**

Beat together fruit juices, egg-yolk, and sugar. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and salt. Serve chilled in tall glass. Excellent for summer breakfast.

### FRUIT JUICE PUNCH

**Two cups orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 2 cups other fruit juice (pineapple, plum, blackberry, apple), 2 cups strong tea (freshly brewed and strained), 8 cups water, 1 cup sugar, garnish of cucumber (sliced wafer-thin), cherries, and mint.**

Mix fruit juices, tea, water and sugar and chill half a day. Dilute further to taste if liked, with ginger ale. Add crushed ice and garnish in punch bowl or glasses with wafer-sliced cucumber or with cherries and crisp mint sprigs. For about 20 glasses.

### LEMON BARLEY WATER

**Two tablespoons pearl barley, pinch salt, 1 quart cold water, sugar, or honey to taste, ½ cup lemon juice.**

Soak barley overnight in the water. Add salt and simmer gently 3 hours. Add lemon juice, sweeten to taste. Strain through a fine sieve and chill. Serve in long glasses as luncheon drink.

*COOLER THAN CUCUMBER, and as fragrant as early morning mint . . . long icy drinks for mid-morning, for salad luncheons, for week-end parties.*

### PEACH AMBROSIA

**Two pounds peaches, 3 pints boiling water, sugar or honey to taste, almond essence.**

Slice peaches (choose ripe, juicy ones) and crush 6 kernels. Place in basin and pour on boiling water and sweeten to taste. Strain when cold, chill and flavor with almond essence to taste. Serve icy cold garnished with sliced strawberries or wafer-thin slices of orange or with cherries and mint.

### APRICOT PUNCH

**Three cups sweetened apricot juice, 1 cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, 3 cups iced water, cherries and mint for garnish.**

Strain apricot syrup from stewed apricots. Add orange and lemon juice and dilute with iced water. Serve chilled with garnish of fresh mint leaves and fresh or candied cherries. For 8 glasses, 8oz. size.

### SYRUP FOR SWEETENING MILK OR FRUIT DRINKS

**One cup sugar, 1 cup water.**

Boil sugar and water for 10 minutes, stirring until the mixture boils. Do not allow to caramelise. Store in covered jar in cool place.

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## SOCIAL SUCCESS by BEE

10 Minutes from Wish to Dish

Ask your Grocer for Smorgons Steak and Kidney Pudding, Frankfurts, Sausages, Lamb Tongues, Camp Pie, and Meat Galantine

Smorgons CHELSEA

CANNED MEAT DISHES

IT'S A TREAT TO EAT SMORGON'S

*HERE'S THE WAY Frances Gifford, MGM star, uses her not-so-tender chicken . . . after bringing it to boiling point she adds salt, tomatoes, and onions, and lets it simmer until tender. Chicken is served with a thick sauce, using broth as a foundation. Left-over broth can be the prelude to next day's dinner.*

# BEST RECIPES . . .

## *special occasion dishes*

● Try the delicious chocolate marshmallow biscuits that win first prize in this week's competition. They're delicious.

THIS week's mail brought an interesting collection of prize-winning entries.

To vary the flavor of the marshmallow for the chocolate biscuits, try combining lemon juice with the vanilla, or adding a few drops of peppermint essence to the chocolate icing.

The cheese dumplings are appetising little hot dishes for any day's dinner—special or otherwise. Try them with a grill when potatoes are scarce, or with a fricassee of lamb or rabbit. Remember, they must be freshly made and piping hot.

The lucky owner of a waffle iron will welcome this delicious waffle recipe with its luscious orange sauce.

### CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW BISCUITS

**Four ounces shortening (butter, lard, or dripping), 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, few drops vanilla essence, cochineal, 4oz. icing sugar, 2oz. cocoa, few drops hot water.**

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg and stir in flour sifted with the baking powder. Roll into balls about size of walnut, flatten with fork, and bake in a moderate oven until golden-brown. Boil cup of sugar with cup of water until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, about 20 minutes. Stir in gelatine, and when dissolved whisk until the mixture thickens. Add flavoring, and color a pale pink. Top each biscuit with marshmallow. When quite set coat with chocolate icing made by mixing icing sugar and cocoa with hot water.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Dickinson, 89 Christmas St., Northcote, Vic.**

### BIRD'S NEST PATTY CAKES

**Two ounces butter or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa.**

**For Decorating:** Chocolate icing, crushed cornflakes, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 2 tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs, 1 egg-yolk, vanilla or peppermint essence.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg. Stir in the cocoa blended with the milk. Fold in the sifted flour. Place spoonfuls in greased patty-pans and bake in a hot oven (400deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. When cold scoop tops. Coat lightly with chocolate icing and toss in crushed cornflakes. Fill top cavity with tiny eggs shaped from a mixture of 2 tablespoons sifted icing sugar and 2 tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs moistened with beaten egg and flavored with vanilla or peppermint essence.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Korff, 14 Little King William St., Kent Town, S.A.**

### BROWN AND GOLD WAFFLES

**Two and a half cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup melted butter or margarine. Sauce: Two egg-yolks, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon butter, pinch salt.**

Sift flour and salt, add sugar. Beat eggs well, add milk and melted shortening. Stir into the dry ingredients. Bake in a hot waffle iron. For the sauce: Beat egg-yolks, add sugar, orange juice, butter, and salt. Cook over boiling water, stirring all the time, until thick and honey-gold in color. Pour over the hot waffle.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Wallace, Parry St., Charleville, Qld.**

### CHEESE DUMPLINGS IN TOMATO SAUCE

**Four ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon fat or butter, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, milk to mix, ½ cup water or stock, ½ cup tomato puree.**

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in the fat or butter, add the grated cheese and minced onion. Add sufficient milk to mix to a soft dough. Drop spoonfuls into boiling water and tomato puree. Cover tightly and simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot and freshly cooked, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Lessing, 340 Albert St., East Melbourne C2.**

*Personality . . .*

**in frocking is not the be-all-and-end-all of charm. A clear, youthful complexion, energy and fitness are equally essential. Realising this, the "woman who knows" starts her day with half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water . . . to ensure that inward freshness which means vivacity and health.**

MOTHER CRAFT

A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

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A Friend in need for Pain after meals

De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralizes excess acid in the stomach. Soothes and protects the stomach lining helping to digest your food. Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
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CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
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Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness & similar ailments.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER In sky-blue canisters, 2/6


# The Shy Sergeant

Continued from page 32

AT once, the rest of the orchestra chimed in, while Tex and Cinny started this dance of "all their lives together" with the grave little skips and hops of childhood's games.

Tex was wooden and clammy, all right, but here the soundness of Cinny's flash proved out; the first moments required just that awkwardness. After that, Tex gradually began to forget the audience and the spotlight, everything but Cinny and the remembrance of a quiet, fast-moving man who had apparently taught him far more than he'd realised.

The crowd watched soundlessly. It was as clear as optical glass what they were doing.

"I could swear that was Allsten and Ross," murmured a thin-faced, intent man at a table near the door. The big, middle-aged man with him nodded his partly bald head. "Cinny phoned that we had something. She was right."

Tex didn't know how long he'd been there with Cinny Ross, nor how many things they'd dreamed up before they danced their Golden Wedding anniversary to "Darling, I Am Growing Old," played as no one there had ever heard it played before. And Tex didn't know what ought to be done to end their biography in rhythm, but, like the rest, the concluding pattern came of itself.

*"And what branch of the services was YOUR husband in?"*

He stopped short, stared at Cinny for a rigid moment, then took four reluctant steps away from her, each one slower than the last. And Cinny stared at him, seeming actually to have put seventy years of living into her face; and she took four steps after him, each slower than the last as he had done. And then she fell lightly against him as a leaf drops in autumn against one already fallen; and the lights went on as if the thing had been rehearsed a hundred times; and the crowd went wild.

. . . . . .

As Tex walked down the powder-blue carpet of the corridor in Cinny's apartment building, his face was rather grim.

"You don't understand," he repeated. "That wasn't me back there. I can't dance like that."

"But you did," Cinny said. "Nobody else did. You did."

"Bert did, you mean. That was his good-bye to you. Bert was with us every step of the way," said Tex doggedly.

"All right, say he was. Why wouldn't he keep on being with you? With us both? The two he taught? Tex, don't you see? Bert hoped something like this would happen. That's why he sent you."

She opened her door and they went in. Tex, starting to say something more, stopped short as he saw two men in the living-room. One was big, partly bald, middle-aged. The other was dark, thin-faced and intense.

But if Tex was surprised, Cinny did not seem to be. She said, "Hello, Mel. Hello, Aleck."

She dropped her wrap on a chair and said, "Sergeant Temple, this is Mel Otis, my manager. And this is Aleck Burns, who has the Broadway Day and Night column. I phoned them to come to the Brooklyn place because I thought I might have something to show them."

"You showed us," said Mel Otis, smiling a little at the surprised sergeant. "There'll have to be training, but any producer would take as big a load of you and Cinny as he could get."

"You mean me?" said Tex. "With Cinny Ross? Me? Oh, no!"

Mel's smile faded. He looked at Cinny.

"Sergeant Temple," Cinny explained gravely, "can't dance. He's only an amateur who plays around a little for the fun of it. Spotlights freeze him, and anyhow he could never get good enough to be professional. He says so himself."

Mel Otis looked at Aleck Burns, who raised one dark eyebrow and whistled softly. "You did fairly well for an amateur to-night, Sergeant Temple," Burns said.

Tex stared helplessly at Cinny. His eyes said, "You tell them. I don't know the words."

"Tex was taught by Bert," said Cinny. "He thinks that, in a way, Bert was coaching him to-night."

"That's right," said Tex. "I couldn't do it again. I know."

"How would you know till you tried?" Cinny's manager said. He got up and crossed to a big cabinet. An old Allsten-and-Ross favorite sent out its soft strains: "Dance it with me, baby, swing it with me, baby."

Tex moistened his lips. This was only an audience of two men before him, but they represented potential audiences of more hundreds of thousands of people than he dared to speculate about.

"Dance it, Tex. Swing it, Tex," tapped Cinny.

As awkwardly as if he'd never danced a step in his life, Tex put his arm round her. "Come on, darling. Bert won't let you down," she whispered to him. And they started, stiffly enough, but loosening up very soon, very soon.

Next morning Burns' column was to say: "There'll be more dancing scripts for Cinny Ross in the near future. Allsten-and-Ross fans will want to see them at least twice, for Cinny's new partner, ex-Sergeant Texter Temple, is so much like Bert Allsten at his best that you're apt to feel cold fingers touch your spine . . ."

But that was to be next day. For now, Tex held Cinny to him at the end as he had at the Brooklyn place, forgetting Mel Otis and Aleck Burns as completely as if they'd been non-existent.

"Look," he said a little drunkenly to Cinny, "it's only four o'clock. Let's go out and get a hamburger and coffee. And maybe watch the sun come up."

"Let's," said Cinny Ross, forgetting their audience of two as thoroughly as Tex had done. The presence of a third, the fast-moving, silent dance master who'd sent Tex to her, was much more real. "Let's, Tex. The three of us."

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Clean Smoothly with VIM —NEVER SCRATCHES

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# BEAUTY REFRESHER

By MARY ROSE
Our Beauty Expert

IT'S midsummer, and you have that nagging urge to be really beautiful and look as cool as a cucumber.

But . . . you're forever hot and sticky, you "simply can't do a thing with your hair," your skin depresses you, and you're thoroughly sick and tired of your present make-up shades.

Why not, then, a change in beauty routine?

You'll soon pep-up and before you know it you'll have that sweet, cool, fresh-as-a-daisy look that all of us try so hard to acquire on steaming summer days.

The first and most important rule is to keep absolutely healthy. Sun, in controlled doses, will do wonders for you, so get all you possibly can. Be cautious, though, and rub on sunburn oil or cream before basking the body beautiful. This will help you to tan without scorching.

Now, you can't be healthy and have numerous late nights at the same time. So ease up and get a minimum of eight hours' sleep each night.

As for your diet: Cut out all rich, starchy foods and stick to salads, fruit, and literally glasses of water. Note how your figure and skin improve.

**And don't forget to fit in simple exercises.**

A few morning and night will help you to keep that figure of yours in its rightful shape, free of that deadly "spare tyre" and bulges.

Next, your hair. Why not a new style? Pile it up on top of your head for a change, or, maybe, you feel like having it cut short for the summer months.

In any case, keep it gleaming with plenty of brushings and shampoos, and don't fail to brush some brilliantine into it if the sun makes it coarse and dry.

*PRETTY as you please describes lovely Marguerite Chapman, Columbia star. She believes in remaining completely unruffled on the warmest summer day to avoid that hot, tired look.*

Now for cosmetics: If you've been wearing a dark lipstick, why not change to a lighter one—a pretty pink to tone with your pastel summer clothes—and buy a nail-polish to match. You've no idea how well this color will show up your tan.

At the same time shout yourself to a new perfume—it will do wonders for your morale. A light flower-like one for the day, and a more exotic one for the night. But please don't use too much, just a sneaking suspicion behind the ears.

The last but by no means the least important rule is to stay as sweet as you are. In other words, bath and shower regularly and use an underarm deodorant each day without fail.

Use a sweet-smelling talcum powder, too, and don't forget to rinse your undies out each night when you take them off.

It's really worth trying. You have no idea how much better you'll feel for a complete change like this. It will put you in tune with things again and once more you'll feel that all's right with the world.

# THRUSH IN CHILDREN . . .

• Simple treatment plus a word of warning concerning spread of infection.—By MEDICO

"MY baby has a sore mouth," complained Mrs. Jergens. "There are milky-looking patches on the inside of her cheeks."

"Your baby has thrush," I said, after I had looked at the patches and studied a smear of the milky flakes under the microscope.

"What is the cause, doctor?" she asked.

"It is due to a fungus called Oidium albicans. The condition is only found in infants and the weak and aged."

"What can be done about it?" she inquired.

"Firstly, avoid irritation. This means that a comforter (or dummy) should not be used.

**"Such cause of infection and facial distortion should never be used, anyway, thrush or no thrush."**

"Mrs. Noall, next door, told me to use glycerine and boracic acid to paint on the spots. Is that good treatment?"

"It must be used very sparingly, because babies can get boracic acid poisoning," I said.

"It is better to use first a solution of one dram of sodium sulphite dissolved in one fluid ounce of water, and apply to the patches on a piece of cotton-wool wrapped round a wooden matchstick with the head broken off. Do this every two hours."

[All names used in these articles are fictitious.]

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. . . and it was well worth waiting for

He's one of the lucky ones who've "clicked" for a post-war Tasma "Baby"—which is a remarkably fine radio. We're producing them as fast as conscientious craftsmanship permits, but not nearly as fast as the waiting public would like. However . . . YOUR Tasma is on the way . . . keep on pestering the life out of your nearest Tasma retailer . . . We're delivering sets right now.

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# WHAT'S THE SECRET OF A MODERN KITCHEN ?

## *Marjory Carter Says* 'CONVENIENCE'

AEROPHOS' COOKERY EXPERT

**Quick and convenient preparation of food is the attractive feature of this kitchen layout which cuts out unnecessary walking to and fro.**

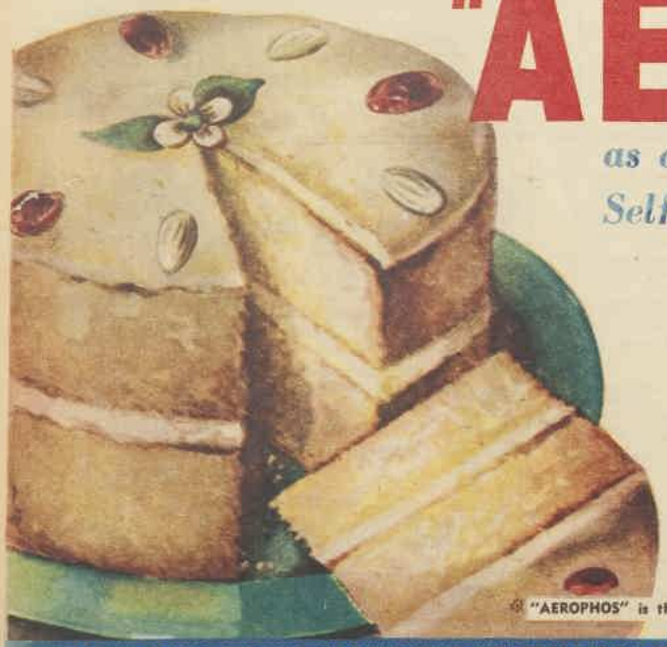
**Marjory Carter, "AEROPHOS" Cookery Expert, who has had wide practical experience, commends this style of modern labour-saving, time-saving kitchen which has the following features: dining alcove, for quick informal meals; large china cabinets within easy reach; glass bricks behind bench and stove; ventilated garbage cupboard under sink; large view window. Switches under the electric clock are for exhaust fan and concealed lighting over the bench and stove.**

# AND WHAT'S THE SECRET OF BETTER BAKING ?

*The Modern Raising Ingredient*

# "AEROPHOS"*

*as contained in Leading Brands of Self-raising Flour & Baking Powder*



### ORANGE BLOSSOM SPONGE

**1 cup plain flour**
**Pinch salt.**
**1 teaspoon Baking Powder containing 'Aerophos'**
**1 cup sugar**
**3 eggs**
**4 tablespoons hot milk**
**1 dessertspoon lemon juice**
**¼ teaspoon grated orange rind or a few drops almond essence**

*Filling*
- **1 tablespoon shortening**
- **5 tablespoons icing sugar**
- **1 tablespoon orange juice**
- **½ teaspoon grated orange rind**
- **1 beaten egg white**

Sift flour, baking powder and salt 3 times. Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites, adding sugar gradually until smooth and thick. Whip in egg yolks, lemon juice and orange rind or essence. Fold in flour (do not stir) and then the hot milk. Pour into 2 well greased 7" sandwich tins and bake in a moderately hot oven, 350 degrees, for 20 to 25 minutes. When cold fill with orange blossom filling.

To make the filling, cream the shortening, sugar and orange rind. Gradually add the orange juice and whipped egg white. Chill and spread. Dust top with icing sugar. May be topped with some of the filling and decorated with fruits, nuts, or orange blossom.

* "AEROPHOS" is the registered trade name of Albright and Wilson (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

MANY BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR AND BAKING POWDER SHOW THE "A & W" SEAL ON THE PACKET AS A GUARANTEE THAT IT CONTAINS ONLY "AEROPHOS" AS THE RAISING INGREDIENT

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# More charm and color for your ROCKERIES

● Plan now and your rockeries will reward you with a blaze of color and fragrance in the springtime.

PRIMROSES, polyanthus, and pale blue forget-me-nots growing from the crevices of stone paving add color to this old wall.

LOVELY AUBRETIAS paint the rockery pale purple during springtime on this skilfully designed rockery at Mount Macedon.

DAINTY ENGLISH DOUBLE DAISIES spring up from the crevices of stone paving and provide a lovely foreground to the tree-ferns.

ENGLISH PRIMROSES AND POLYANTHUS paint the foot of this slope with pastel colors in springtime. They do best if left standing year by year.

SOME months ago when touring Victoria I saw some lovely rockeries at Mount Macedon, about 40 miles from Melbourne.

These were mostly planted with aubretias, arabis, lithospermums, cerastiums, silenes, dwarf anemones, gentians, many varieties of thyme, vittadinias, scutellarias, saxifrages, saponarias, dwarf phloxes, nerteras, polygonatums, lychnis, and many small bulbous flowers.

But at the time the aubretias, gentians, arabis, cerastiums, silenes, and crocuses were at their best.

The rocky edges of stone-paved walks were about 3ft. tall and over these aubretias, with their lovely purple flowers, the dwarf, stocklike arabis, and summer snow or cerastiums spilled over the rocks to the ground.

Big beds of the American wood anemone (anemone quinquefolia) looked like mounds of snow, and contrasted strongly with masses of deep-blue grape hyacinths planted skilfully nearby for contrast and effect.

Primroses, polyanthuses, and bellis perennis (or double English daisy) had also been used very cleverly on the banks of a bubbling stream, also along the edges of slopes, and had probably self-sown themselves to even better effect than the gardener could hope to do at the foot of the walls surrounding a pool and in crevices of the stone paving.

By OUR HOME GARDENER

At this time of the year when the heat keeps many folk out of the garden, time can be utilised in planning alterations to the rockery, and provision should be made, particularly in cool districts, for the inclusion of these plants in the future.

Trailing heerias with their lovely purplish flowers can be skilfully used to contrast with snow-white arabis or beds of golden alyssum.

The trailing lotus, with its red flowers and silvery foliage, does well almost anywhere along the coast, and if planted close to commelina (blue flowers), with masses of white alyssum or silene maritima, will give pleasure for months.

## For year-round splash of color

MOST of the mesembryanthemums revel in a sunny, hot spot, and flower for many weeks of the year. Some varieties are always in bloom.

Gazanias, too, make a fine splash of color, and the newer hybrids, which include a variety that is almost red, bloom practically the year round if the spent blooms are regularly removed and the plants well fed and watered.

Generally it can be said the rockery is a section of the garden that always has some plant or other doing its best to brighten the whole landscape. And now is the time to do your planning for the days when it's springtime in the rockery.

In open, sunny places, which are ideal for rockeries, but where the soil has some defect (sandy, gravelly, or gritty), and is therefore dry and rather droughty, hardy succulents such as mesembryanthemums (many colors available) will do well. The sun-defying cacti, of which there are about 1500 varieties, will also flourish in such a position.


NO. 3 OF A SERIES

THE ARABS ATTACK IN 1885, Australia was still an infant colony. Federation was but a dream of a few nationally-minded politicians. But the Sudanese Campaign was the focal point of Empire news . . . so Australia sent a contingent to fight for "Queen and Country." A historical comment is:—

"The colony was stirred by a great wave of enthusiasm when it was known that its Government had offered to England a regiment of soldiers to fight side by side with British troops. The offer was accepted, and some seven or eight hundred soldiers, well equipped and full of high hopes, sailed for Africa. The war was too soon over for them to have any chance of displaying what an Australian force may be like upon a battle-field . . . but it showed that the Australian Colonies are proud of their mother country; that their eyes are fondly turned to her . . . and that if ever she needed their help, assistance would flow spontaneously from the fullness of loving hearts."

*The illustration above is based on a popular lithograph print of the day. Over the impressive title "The Arabs Attack the Commissariat," it depicts a group of stalwart, red-coated soldiery embattled behind stacks of cases labelled "Swallow & Ariell Biscuits"!*

*While the compliment is unusual, the fact remains that Su[illegible] have supplied essential foods and comforts for Australia[illegible] wars in which Australia has been represented.*

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LEADERS IN THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY
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